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THE

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HERE AND THERE

IN ENGLAND;

INCLUDING A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

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ac.

BY

A FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.

Qx d 14

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
36, SOHO SQUARE.
1871.

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LONDON :

S. AND J. BRAWN, 13, PRINCES STREET, LITTLE QUEEN STREET,
HOLBORN, W.C.

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

BELOVED ONES

NOT LOST

BUT GONE BEFORE.

PREFACE.

THE following pages were mainly prepared when the writer's indisposition compelled him to seek a warmer climate than his native place afforded, and he lays them before the public in the hope that they may be found not altogether without interest.

Meanwhile, the author takes this opportunity of returning his thanks to Spencer Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote Hall; W. Oakes Hunt, Esq., of Stratford-on-Avon, and John Taylor, Esq., of the Bristol Library, for the kindness and courtesy he has experienced at their hands. He also desires to express his obligations to J. Orchard Halliwell, Esq., the greatest living Shakespearian authority, and to record anew the admiration which the writer has for the magnificent folio edition of Shakespeare which Mr. Halliwell has issued.

March, 1871.

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HERE AND THERE.

AN EDINBURGH CONSULTATION.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away."

Tickell.

IF there is one thing more than another which everybody desires to possess, it is health. To secure it, all classes will make a so-called sacrifice by abandoning, for a time, their avocations, and betaking themselves to here, there, or anywhere the doctor may order. To regain health, we find the

keen calculating city merchant, who has never been known to be a day from business, leaving the exciting air of "Change" for the tranquillizing breezes of the south; to regain it, the judge resigns, *pro tem*, his ermine,—the barrister, his gown and fees,—the clergyman, most reluctantly of course, ceases to endeavour to save souls,—and the doctor desists from regulating other people's pulses in order to regulate his own. For a time, long or short, according to the energy of the individual mind, men struggle against trouble, work on a little longer, only to give way, and then comes consultation No. 1 with medical man minor, consultation No. 2, with medical man major, and finally, departure to place, distance, and climate, as said medical man major in his wisdom directs.

The health seeker goes to consult with his own doctor in a somewhat careless frame of mind,—explains, in a disjointed sort of fashion, how he is affected, and asks "advice" as if he thought he did not need it, only he deems it best to "make things right and be done with it." M. M. minor sees that anxiety and worry have produced no end of incipient evils ready

to take serious or fatal forms of disease, and a reference to his chronometer tells him that his patient's pulse is capricious—now, sixty and steady, now playing the part of an auctioneer, 65, 68, 75, 80, up to 90. "Well, doctor, what's to be done, eh?" says the patient. "I am sorry to find you are not so well," cautiously answers the man of science. Question follows question, prescription prescription, without much good to patient, or satisfaction to doctor. Finally comes a consultation, at which the latter states, in manner more or less grave, that it is in the circumstances desirable to have a consultation with the best skill within reach — some "professor" or physician in Edinburgh is spoken of, and, his merits being canvassed, fixed on, and a day named for M. M. Minor accompanying the surprised patient into the presence of M. M. Major, whose fame has gone forth into remote regions. M. M. Minor sees that patient begins to contemplate the situation somewhat anxiously, and, therefore, assumes the the cheering professional tone—"I propose that we should make this visit as a mere matter of precaution,

—the system is somewhat out of order; tonics would not tell in the meantime, but I have no doubt all will be set right." Patient brightens up, day for puffing to modern Athens is refixed, patient goes home thinking it half nonsense; medical man minor goes into his study, turns up his cases and books, compares them with his patient's symptoms, thinks it may be a good or a bad case, and then dines, or sups, or goes a visiting where death or life is coming as an Allwise Providence may decree.

By the way, what a glorious sight modern Athens is as you whirl into it on the iron road with Watt's moving monument as your pioneer. The castle seated on its rocky throne rich in historic and legendary story, the Bank of Scotland elaborate in architecture externally, and precious internally in the sight of most conditions of men;—Walter Scott's monument, amid its velvet lawns, winding walks, flowers, and trees, ever new and perfect, with its sky piercing pinnacles shooting into the blue vault above;—Princes St. with its public offices, hotels, clubs, statues in rich carving and golden in sunshine,—all these

form a panorama, with Melville's pillar for a sky line, of which any country may be proud. Pardon this digression, reader; you must know that a native of Auld Reekie writes these lines.

An Edinburgh consultation runs much in this wise: Doctor and patient find their way into one of those wide solemnly-silent streets called aristocratic, such as Charlotte Square or Moray Place. There are few people going along, but these few are what the world calls respectable—I beg pardon, *very* respectable. Here you have the old Dowager, in whose very motion there is rest, arrayed in the most approved fashion, taking her morning airing in front of her mansion attended by her lady's-maid, or it may be by some poor and, therefore, distant relation. That tall well pleased looking man in black, with white neck-cloth, faultless in purity and correctness of tie, is a minister of the Gospel and a saver of souls, with an income, exclusive of his wife's £20,000 (which her husband, being above the things of this world, only ascertained she possessed after their marriage), of six or seven hundred a year. That rather undersized wiry man,

with thin compressed lips and anxious eyes, bundle of papers, and plan in hand, tied up with red tape—is, I need hardly say, some W. S., on his way to that pitch and toss place, the Parliament House, or to the chambers of his professional brother on the other side for a consultation legal. Observe these two female figures: the elder leaning on the younger's arm—aunt and niece—the former looking as prim and proper as the most extreme school of moralists could desire. These cheeks and eyes are faded and lack lustre, but remember they have been rosy and bright and winning once, when their owner as a girl in all the glory of white muslin and Valencia lace, of braided if not powdered hair, with tortoiseshell back comb, jewelry, ivory teeth, and last, but first, innocence and seventeen, had from the crowded dress circle, listened with delight to Miss O'Neill as "Juliet," when that great actress, or rather realist, was at the height of her fame.* The niece, artificially tall and lamp-

* "A company of players arrived in Edinburgh in the year 1599, and played by licence of the King. Of this company Shakespeare is supposed to have been a member."—*Annals of the Stage, by J. Payne Collier*, Vol. 1, p. 344.

post like, with hair (of course all natural) bunched up like a sample bag of bran, and curls to match (likewise natural) floating in the breeze, has a rib of millinery boarding tied over her head, called by courtesy a bonnet. That high coloured complexion, with blushes ready made, is real after its kind, but somehow I would prefer the faded roses on the aunt's cheek; they are true, honest, natural. The young lady's pet, in the shape of a Liliputian poodle, trots in front with bell round its neck, the silvery tinkle of which is a sort of *Nota Bene* advertisement to whom it may concern.

While these fine people are passing along, the silence is broken by a carriage and pair coming in sight at a dashing pace. As it whirls past, you get a glimpse of an elderly gentleman in black, bent in learned solicitude over a book. Let us follow the carriage and see whom it contains. The horses are pulled up with a jerk in front of a patrician-looking house, and the gentleman, book in hand, hurries out and disappears ere he can well be seen.

In another minute our patient and his medical man

seek ingress at this same house. The door is opened by a man servant or page who, to the query, Is Doctor Bitterdrug at home? puts the other, Do you wish to see him professionally? On "yes" being given, our friends are led through a finely furnished hall laid with encaustic tile pavement, the walls are hung with pictures, the subjects of which, to be out of the common, are taken from the heathen mythology. In a central niche stands a statue of Æsculapius with his symbolic serpent, while on each side stand marble busts of two distinguished followers, say Hervey and Hunter. Our friends, especially the patient, become impressed by what they see, and this increases when he is ushered into a dining-room remarkable for its size, silence, fine furniture, and old engravings.

Several serious, if not sad-looking people are here,—the great man is engaged, and our patient must await his turn until all these guineas have passed through the consulting-room. That seemingly stout man, reading the *Times* with the brilliant on his finger, has netted his £90,000 in tropical heat, and wishes to enjoy it at home if his liver will let him. He has

two nephews who live in town, and a little niece who lives in the country. The two first are loud in their lamentations about his ill health in his presence—behind his back they have had secret consultations, in which they wonder to each other "how he will leave it," and declare the old fellow looked worse to-day at lunch than he had ever done before. The little country niece is gleesome in Uncle George's presence, sings and laughs to him until he forgets his ailments, and after she has gone home and remembered how ill he looked, sheds showers of unseen tears, and puts up a little prayer for his betterness.

That grey-haired lady, who looks wistfully into the young woman's face beside her, is anxious to bid back consumption's progress,—to silence that short cough which calls up a hectic bloom on the fine but worn features.

That lady of a certain age with spectacles, round hat, and green veil, reading Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" (her own copy) has ailments innumerable, to detail which would require an appendix to this volume. Tennyson she considers superior to Shake-

speare, for was not the latter an immoral writer and liver, deer-stealer, and play-actor? As for Byron he, having been a lord, was a better man*; but for Tom Moore with his Carlton House society and his odious "Last Rose of Summer" with its horrible words, she voted him no poet and a corrupter of young men and women at large.

Such are sample patients to be found in an Edinburgh doctor's ante-room. While our friends from the country are gazing at some of Strange's masterpieces, the sleek waitingman enters and signs them to follow him, in a minute more patient and doctor are in the presence of the professor. The consulting-room is rather small sized; morocco covered couches flank the consulting table, on which last some numbers of the *Lancet* lie, and one or two scientific instruments stand. The man of mind sits in an important looking chair, near which a large black dentist looking one

* When the above was written, the indecent rubbish of Mrs. Stowe had not appeared. That rubbish is unworthy of a denizen of the Seven Dials. But what, it would seem, would some women not do for money?

stands. Professional books look out from dark oaken book-cases, charged with carving meant to be old and quaint; more of Strange's and Wille's engravings adorn the walls; you will see also the portraits of Hunter and Gregory and Jenner there, and may-be a thermometer to tell the temperature. Here I may say at once (but you know it) that the carriage and horses, the hall, statues, dining-room, pictures, books, and men-servants, are portion of the stock in trade of the modern consulting physician. They do not add to his skill, but to his status; the seeing of these things give most people an exaggerated sense of their possessor's greatness, and act as professional load-stones. There is no denying it, we would rather consult a man with than without a carriage.

While the medical men are exchanging greetings, Sir Oracle motions the patient to the ominous chair aforesaid, takes searching stock of him and turns to his rural brother for a public statement of the "case." This is given in distinct and somewhat deferential terms. The great man listens rather than speaks, he rather—

"Assumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And seems to"—

see it all. Once more the chirurgeon turns to the patient, who is impatient to tell his symptoms, feels his pulse for the first and last time, does not ask to see his tongue (all very well for the old world Buchan,) makes a few simple inquiries and disappears with the medical man from the country for consultation private.

On table, chair, and carpet, — at stethoscope and ceiling the patient stares, and rather realizes the fact of his being alone than that he has had a consultation. But he remembers that Ursa Major and Minor are in secret consultation on him—yes, on him, and tries to make himself believe that he is collected, easy. Five, ten minutes elapse; he is still "monarch." Slightly anxious, he mutters "did'nt say much, but he is a painstaking man, for he must be going fully into my case." A movement in the next room tells the patient they are coming; no, they were coming, but have gone back again. Patient fidgety seizes a stethoscope and looks through it anxiously; can the

case be serious? No; five minutes more *solus* makes him think yes, and when the brethren re-enter, the patient draws a breath of relief so deep that no doubt can exist as to the soundness of his lungs.

The high priest of health and his coadjutor look as grave as judges. Much more so, by the way, for in old times, if not present, the ermine of the Bench was worn by a happy, witty, red-faced, laughing set of men. Professor addresses patient in a calm curt tone; looks hopefully, says "we have considered your case," and then gives his advice in brief terms, adding "your own medical man will direct you," and is silent. The patient makes some natural, if not proper, enquiries; but the wise man of the east answers in monosylables, and is not to be drawn. It would be unprofessional to answer every stupid question of every stupid patient. Besides, silence is the *Summum Bonum* of medical stock in trade.

A few words from his medical man tell the patient that the consultation is over. The latter tables or hands the yellow and the white to the eldest son of Æsculapius, who takes it mechanically, like the dying

gladiator in "Childe Harold," who

> "Heard it, but he heeded not,—his eyes
> Were with his heart, and that was far away,"

thinking, with the abstraction of genius, of the case before him, and how he can make it a means of benefiting the present patient in particular and the public in general. The medical men exchange adieus,—the professor bids an encouraging "good-bye" to his patient, rings the signal bell for opening the hall-door, relapses into the silent sage saying—by look, but not word—Wisdom is justified of her children. The outer hall is reached, the lacquey methodically opens the street door and closes it so softly that the patient only realizes he is again in the outer world when he hears the well known notes of "Why left I my hame," or perhaps the "Perfect Cure," grinding on his ear from a street organ in the distance!

OFF.

"Come go with me; peruse this as thou goest."
Merchant of Venice, Act II., Sc. IV.

THE reader must not imagine from what has been said that I have any wish to undervalue such a noble profession as the medical one. Great men in the past have devoted the resources of their genius, the enthusiasm of their philanthropy to the practice of the healing art. Able men are doing so in the present, and no where more than in Edinburgh where the heads of our medical school command attention and respect, extending in some cases over Europe. Yet it cannot be denied that the higher medical men rise, the more do they, as a rule, fence themselves about with form and taciturnity. An English Doctor of more than ordinary candour, in

speaking to me of one of the most eminent physicians in the west of England, said,—"I admit he is curt and formal, but he comes out wonderfully amongst his professional brethren." In more professions than the medical, Janus is a popular part.

Such a consultation as I have attempted to describe fell to my lot towards the end of 1867, the advice prescribed being change of climate.

When one is ordered to leave his dwelling place in search of health, he has generally a sort of undefined desire to linger about the old house at home, as if unwilling to part from a tried friend. And if he has ties which death have rendered sacred,—if vacant chairs, empty rooms, and grassy graves unite in telling him that the end of all things is death,—if, becoming the puppet of memory, he is moved alternately to smiles and tears, he is no true man who can without thought and regret leave his home behind him. A man looks on his home—especially if it be in his native place—as his last resort. He may spend his best days in toiling on foreign main or mountain, in midst of pent up factories or flourishing fig

trees, he may be reckoned formal or friendly by the outer world, his desire is the same to return, and spend the last of his span where his birth occurred, where his days of childhood and bird-nesting were spent. I put it to you, my brother, do you not wish the curtain to fall on you,—the life loops of which are being cut continually,—as near to where you drew your first breath as possible, do you not wish to sleep side by side with your kindred? You don't require to become a sentimentalist to answer, yes! You must become a brute to answer, no!

. . . . . .

Luggage, the traveller's limbo, was placed on a fly through street and lane, shops closing and closed, confectioners and druggists (intimately connected), cigar shops and gin palaces, with their crystal lamps, marble slabs and lemonade fountains, were still open. A pause before a large building brought lights, waiters, night porters about me, and in another minute I was in Cliftondown Hotel, one of the finest, if not the cheapest in England.

The coffee room of a modern well-frequented hotel,

particularly if near London, is a sort of living circulating library. Here are found volumes human of all sizes and types; and, like Mudie's books they go from and to London, and new volumes, including sensational ones got up in the most fashionable manner, come in their stead, to give place in their turn to something newer. Each party has its marble table, almost its waiter, but not strong tea or much bread. Your compensation is a room fit for an assembly; mirrors from floor to ceiling, pictures, crystal chandeliers, and music, on behalf of which last the tiger of the establishment goes round with a silver salver.

The groups are curious. Here mother, daughters, and son are dining in a way calculated to incur a doctor's bill. There sits a portly moon-faced man in black of orthodox cut. He is at ease; walnuts and wine are following roast beef and all sorts of luxuries —to procure which he has but a £1,000 a year. Dignity, gravity, are his, now and then his eyes emit a roystering flash as he plays with his silver toothpick and thinks of promotion were certain people in power.

Behold the shepherd who tends the flock in the parish of Scantgood. Observe that young man in black, and white tie, who has just entered. He makes obeisance to the shepherd just as the waiter places the second port decanter on the table. A conversation follows in which the words "sixty," "sixty-five," are sometimes audible, and answers inaudible and looks unutterable come from the young man. We may suppose, and I wish it were only supposition, a conversation like this to occur:—"I expected a hundred." "In that case, Mr. Lanklimb," says the shepherd, "our negotiations end; I had hoped to have done you a service and [this in a professional tone] to have placed you in a sphere of labour where the spiritual harvest is plenteous, and the rewards more precious than gold." "Well, make it seventy and I am satisfied." Seventy per annum it is made, and the young fellow becomes the curate of Scantgood. Why has the poor fellow taken that £70? Because his all, husbanded by parental self-denial, has been spent years since on college fees, in getting an education fitted to make him feel poverty's edge

keener than if a country school had been the first and last place of his instruction,—because a grey haired mother and sisters at home are in want of bread! How long, or rather how short shall these things be?

Here and there in the coffee room ladies are writing letters,—important no doubt; gentlemen reading *Punch* or the *Times*, or scanning *Bradshaw* for to-morrow's hour of move. As time wears, the ladies—with trains of Atlantic cable length—glide off in an atmosphere of lavender; grave gentlemen follow after a last glass of wine. Commercial and younger men get more easy and relieved as they find the room emptying,—the waiters push about as if knowing that etiquette's dues were paid; "Waiter" is called out here and there, quiet tumblers are drank rather of gin than whisky punch, for the thing called Scotch whisky in the south is a sorry compound. Man after man drops off, light after light is extinguished; the show room, ere while full of life, fashion, a little truth, much outsideism, becomes tenantless—sleep reigns.

FENIANISM.

"Ho! broder Teague, do'st hear de decree?
Lilli bulero, bullen a-law,
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero, bullen a-law.—"

Lord Wharton.

THE fact of the Clerkenwell outrage occurring just when I had entered England, whereby more than forty innocent people were injured and one killed, neither suggested much security in my new quarters, nor much confidence in Irishmen. Is this prison outrage one of the steps towards making the Irish Republic a fact? What is an Irishman? Each race or section of men have their characteristics distinctly defined. The Scotchman is slow, but "maks sickar," what he knows he knows thoroughly; he believes in Protestantism, and is religious through sincerity more than custom, for the most part he acts silently, thinks twice, speaks once; when resolved he

acts with earnestness rather than enthusiasm; he knows nothing of changing his policy or line of action unless for a practical reason. Earnestness is real in its nature, attained after soul, not surface, struggle; it is guided by truth speaking to the head. Enthusiasm is the poetry of conviction—earnestness set to music. Instances of earnestness and enthusiasm blended are found in the Scotch Covenanters, and in a more romantic degree in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745.

The Englishman again is quick in his thought and movement, and content with less thorough knowledge of detail than a Scotchman. Come what may, he will not, cannot, want his roast beef and plum pudding. His religion he takes somewhat on trust, but will become a Protestant hero if need be. He grumbles over the cost of a war, but tell him some wrong is to be thereby righted, that fellow creatures or fellow countrymen are chained in a far off dungeon and look to him with weary eyes for deliverance; his parsimony and indifference become liberality and energy. John Bull does not mind when things "arn't square" (which expression of his, though sounding fast, conveys,

to himself at least, much manly honest heartfeeling), to have twopence, or almost any other sum, put on the income tax, "Only," says he, "let right be right; let the weak be supported, the oppressed relieved, the prisoner—be his nation, colour, faith what they may—go free." That being accomplished, and when was it not when John was in the field, the reign of economy, grumbling, roast beef and plum pudding goes on at least as vigorously as before, until he is next called upon to shew himself a man and a brother.

The Irishman is different from these two. Impulse guides him in action more than calculation; that enthusiastic, rollicking, restless, fatherland heart of his won't let him work one thought half out until he is after another, he looks not at the dark side of anything he desires,—his mind revels in the pleasures of hope, nay,—by anticipation, in the reality yet to be realized in the matter of fact world. His joy is joy; his grief, grief; what man not Irish on the face of the earth can fully set before you the twinkle of an Irishman's eye, the length and breadth of his laugh, the

comprehension of his leer, or the depth of his sorrows? In this last phase the poetry, the truth of his spirit gushes out, impetuous yet slow,—slow because his heart's blood is stirred at nature's call. The wild wailings of the coronach, the devout crossings, the prayers, now mental, now half articulate, are his "Amens" to that call. The honour of his country, the protection and advancement of her rights, claims, interests, is an article of faith which riches, poverty, kindred, death cannot check.

His religion is the pivot upon and around which all things revolve and are subordinate to. No doubt if earnestness or honest belief is to be the test of a religious man, he is, according to his light, by far the most religious man of the three classes of British subjects we are speaking of. The Englishman, rather than the Scotchman, has got religion by rote. Paddy believes (it may be blindly) in his heart that his faith is true, and under such conviction what may not such a faith accomplish? Paddy will help the weak, shelter the homeless, shower blessings on the speaker of a kind word; but if he finds himself duped, or his

religion or country ridiculed, he will shoot the offender—poor or rich, kindred or stranger—behind the first hedge he can get him, and bless God and the Pope, after the work is accomplished, that he has been thought worthy of doing it. An Englishman or Scotchman after such work would think, if they thought at all, that Satan had been at their right hand; Paddy would believe that "Justice to Ireland," whatever that may mean, had guided his arm.

What we call "conscience" in daily language has various qualities; the Irishman, the Italian, and the Spaniard have as much abeyance power—as regards conscience—as any three races of men in the world. No man, however normal his state, can wholly escape the taunts, reproofs, penalties of that inquisitor. Conscience is Justice's Jack-in-the-box,—you may crush him down, put on an outwardly pure life by way of lid, but up he starts, gets face to face with the transgressor,—in day time or dream time alike he is there and does not give the ghosts' grace of departing at cock-crowing.

We meant to say something of Paddy's poetry, but

rather give an anecdote from life, illustrative of the hold an Irishman's religion has on him.

Some years since, a friend of mine had a band of Irishmen some thirty or forty strong draining some land for him. On going to the spot he found the men off work by reason of the stormy day,—for it was the depth of winter. On going into the farmer's kitchen, where a blazing fire burned, he found the labourers squatted about looking out on the stormy day, which included six inches of snow and drifting sleet. The group made no movement when my friend entered. After looking around he said to one in a frank tone, "Pat, help me on with my overcoat." "Yes, sur," was the prompt reply, and, this being done, the gentleman turned round on Pat and enquired—"What church do you belong to?" In a moment the man's attention was aroused, and, somewhat surprised, he retorted with the query, "What do you mane?" "Why, what church do you belong to;" repeated my friend in a steady tone and broad look. "The ould church—the Roman Catholic church, to be sure," answered Pat in a firm and interested voice.

"Why, then," said my friend, standing erect, as he removed his hat and crossed himself, "God bless the Pope!" Pat's bonnet was off in a moment, his countenance assumed surprise, gratification, and zeal; he made the sign of the cross with his horny hand, and ejaculated in accents tremulous with emotion, "I say Amaen, God bless the Pope." His companions had been taken by surprise, but they now understood what was passing. One and all sprang to their feet; with uncovered heads and upturned faces they each made the sacred sign and exclaimed, in one fervid voice—"Amaen, Amaen!" My friend felt he had carried matters far enough, and made his way to the carriage waiting him, but, ere he reached it, three or four stalwart fellows followed, and stopping him with little ceremony, enquired—"Have you any inemies,—tell us, have you any inemies?" "No, my good men," was the answer, "I have no enemies." Half pleased, the men ran to the conveyance, and opening the door, literally lifted my friend inside, "wishing long life to his honour!" The snow fell pell mell as the conveyance moved away, but as long as it

kept in sight of his voluntary defenders, my friend could discern them following it with earnest gaze.

Such is a story which is being repeated, with variations, daily, wherever an Irishman is to be found In one shape or other Pat is singing :—

"I do not now drink, boys, to old church or new church,
But here is a health, boys, a health to the true church."

"The true church"? Why men are asked to believe that not only she, but her Pope is infallible, in the face of the common sense of Christendom, including that of a large section of the Catholic world. By promulgating such a dogma, Rome, it is to be feared, inflicts a death-blow on herself, which will sooner or later take effect. Bishop Hay, who published his "Sincere Christian" in 1775, did all that could be done to confirm the doctrine. But Scripture, common sense, and reason give the go-bye to the Bishop.

THACKERAY AND "VANITY FAIR."

" ——— He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."

Julius Caesar, Act I., Sc. II.

NEVER, until the new library edition of Thackeray's work was issued, did I read through and through his Vanity Fair. A novel—to fulfil its mission—must interest, amuse, and instruct the reader, elevate his manly—not his maudlin—sentiments, give him a truer, closer insight into the inner working of those things which make up the world in which he lives. It must refine the mind, bring its powers of thought and feeling into play, and when "Finis" is reached the reader should be able to close the book with a knowledge that

he has got something to think of, if not to imitate.

The novel of the present period is the antithesis of this. It is made up of scenes which few readers can say have occurred in their own experience. The heroes are so Quixotical and fire-eating, the heroines so spiritual, lackadaisical, and injured, that one requires to get into the thirtieth heaven (if there is one) of imagination to appreciate the story; and, supposing you reach there, what food do you get? Nothing digestible, but much that is frothy and frivolous;—nothing true or that you believe, or feel true in fancy or in fact. Possibility and probability are put to the torture. When you close the book you have got artificial and sensational views of life and the things of life,—mayhap, of death as well, for some of the *propria persona* must die here and there to round off a dilemma or give character to the close of a chapter. A craving is acquired for the unreal, and you cannot settle down to anything natural. Juliet talks about the unimportance of calling a rose a rose, seeing that if called by any other name 'twill smell as sweet.

The reader of sensational novels goes a step farther and begins to think a rose a rose, though it bear all the marks of the mantua maker.

In Vanity Fair truth is blended with fiction so closely, that one can hardly see the joinings which connect the two. The variety of character in the persons represented is not more marked than the harmony which throughout makes the plot perfect. Keeping the other characters out of view we have Amelia Sedley and Becky Sharp. The first is from beginning to end pure in heart and life. No deceitful words, looks, or schemes fall from her. She is devoted, trusting, patient amid suffering, hopeful in despair.

Thackeray has given this character the finishing touch by showing the peace which, as a consequence of her pure life she enjoys; and he distances all his former efforts when he places her on her knees in silent prayer by the side of "the little white bed," which she had known in the days of her childhood.

Becky Sharp, again, is perhaps the most perfect picture of its class which has been or will be written.

From first to last deceit is practised by her (to borrow De Quincey's expression) "as one of the fine arts." She makes a friend and a tool of Amelia, of Jos. Sedley, and almost all concerned, not excepting Lord Steyne. Money, jewels, gallanting, she must have; but her greed is so disciplined by her duplicity that she appears careless of attaining these things, unless for the sake of her "dear old monster," that is, her husband, whom for gain she deceived into a marriage, and afterwards tried to make her errand-man and general drudge, and worse. She dignifies deceit. Given deceit simple, she wraps it up in hypocrisy so varied, impenetrable, smiling, and seeming fair that not one in a hundred can detect the callous, selfish impulses which regulate her puppet movements—for they are only puppet—to the outer world. Heart she has none.

These green eyes, ever on the watch for prey, are ready to simulate the whole circle of the virtues. Becky studies the weak point of her man or woman, and applies her syren powers to gain him or her over. She keeps on good terms with servants, and flatters

them with words and little presents to conceal, nay, assist at the oblique doings in her home. She makes them her spies, and dismisses them with smooth words when her purposes are served. She wins mothers' hearts by affecting an enthusiastic love of children; she neglects her own child, and looks with contempt on his father's care of him. Becky is consistent to the last; she knows what she is, she feels —if she has any feeling,—that she must get respectability to make her pass current in the world. But the time comes when the yellow cork-screw locks cannot conjure, the rouge pot—including regiments of face powders and cosmetics,—can do nothing at last for these attenuated and weary features. You see they are cracked and chalky, irregular and rough. To the last she clings to the name of Lady Crawley and—the brandy bottle. She comforts her—well, we shall say conscience—by heading charity subscription lists, attending prayer meetings, and keeping bazaar tables. If her eyes lack the lustre of the time when the "poor orphan" left the note on the pin-

cushion*,—if her voice is no longer able to lure fools and rogues as when she trilled "The Rose upon my Balcony," she is able to cause these eyes assume the settled sadness of widowhood, the meekness of humble hope chastened by experience, and she can modulate that voice to any pitch of faith, hope, or charity, according as circumstances may require. What avails her schemes, leers, lies, tears, fainting fits, paint, powder, and professions? As is usual in such cases, nothing; the trail of the serpent is exposed, and the "unreal mockery" is made manifest.

One cause of Thackeray's success is his earnestness. To do anything well, to make it live, we must be earnest in the cause of truth. Two men, one living in London, the other buried in Kensal Green, are the best exposers of shams recent days have produced,—Carlyle and Thackeray. These two men have shown us the spring of human conduct and motive as well as Rouchefaucauld. Voltaire and Company made a show of national—if not individual

* *N.B.* Becky was an orphan, but she did not need the help of a money-hunting, smooth-tongued mother or father either.

—shams, with what result we know; but no human sympathy was in the work. Cold philosophy, scoffing unbelief, vanity, were. Junius, whoever he was exhibited individual shams alike in the persons of King, Lords, and Commons, but with no tenderness; sarcasm, contempt, and hate were the characteristics of his perfect diction,—what he drew he destroyed Swift was an exposer of shams, but we shrink back from his icy heart, his satanic sneer. Sterne, with his fun and pathos, ventilated unrealities; but he did not show what they were by living what they were not. He was a man of feeling on paper. Sydney Smith was an honest exposer of shams; he laughed them to scorn, but not with scorn,—he brought the lash of his laughter upon them, turned them inside out, and called on the common sense of man to judge between the shadow and the substance, and he left pleasant emotions behind.

Carlyle is severe in his style and somewhat reserved in his sympathy. He despises the tricks, airs, and graces of modern writing, but he delivers truth, feeling it to be true,—feeling it to be the beginning middle, and end of all good things, in this world and the next. He has no studied eloquence; his eloquence

is natural, and is as it were irradiated in sparks at intervals from his subject by reason of the sharp friction treatment he subjects it to. His sentences are roughly constructed and contain little word painting; but they bear the impress of conviction. Thackeray is somewhat of the Sydney Smith school, and his irony is his own. His mockery, his contempt, his insight into the causes of human action are real and profound; his human sympathy, his school-boy glee, his sunny pictures tell that we have a man as well as a cynic to deal with. Moreover, we can trace not only in Thackeray's writings, but in his daily life, the purity and innocence of a child. If he assumes the severe tone in one chapter, the next is full of smiles and words of encouragement, nay—he holds out his hand to help you if he can, saying—"Come on, brother." Who could wish anything finer than this:—

"And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And, as the sunrise splendid,
Came blushing o'er the sea;
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

CHRISTMAS EVE IN ENGLAND.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. I.

BUSTLE seems to be the characteristic of christmas eve, at least as I saw it in the West of England. German bands and organs, oyster men with their prolonged cries, market gardeners with their tidy donkey carts piled up with parsnips, broccoli, and brussels sprouts; clean but pale faced children, who have left their poor homes behind to sell little bouquets of snowdrops and primroses, are giving their various cries, all to turn the penny. From the occupants of these fine carriages which whirl to

and fro with their emblazoned panels, blood horses, and silver harness, and their coachman and footman, having as much of an old family look as possible—from these grand people down to the crossing sweeper boy plying his broom, I could trace gladness, and more or less community of feeling. The rich may act the nabob most of, but not all the year round; they must *nolens volens*, be natural sometimes,—hath not God fashioned all hearts alike? Besides, which is happiest, the carriage people or the crossing-sweeper boy? With rare exceptions, new made people hold out no end of glare and glitter to the world, and look with a patrician air on the plebian folks below. It is easy to look grand or condescending in a family carriage' wrapped in leopard-skin rugs, and with a heavy balance at the bankers. But stay, has every man who drives his carriage a balance there? Something like £500,000 was given for the goodwill of Overend Gurney & Co.'s business, and as Edie Ochiltree says "behold the end o't." Believing does not necessarily follow hearing or seeing. Rumour and show make an apocryphal revelation. Time is the true touch-

stone. If a man and a family keep advancing little by little year after year, not making noise, — not making the professional acquaintance of the commissioner in bankruptcy, and no red flag at the door—in short, if they keep their feet for thirty or forty years, a competency, if not a carriage, is sure, and contentment with it;—a competency is bread, contentment butter! The crossing-boy is not deceiving the world by false appearances, he is what he says he is—a poor little fellow creature of the carriage-folks making his way through the world. If we were all to follow his lead, and affect nothing, but be what our circumstances warranted, this would be a sunnier world, and words would mean in the heart what they mean in the dictionary. Words would not be mere sounds for the nonce. Too often the heart can prove an *alibi* against the tongue. Not so the crossing boy. Granted he may tell an occasional fib about his mother being ill with rheumatism, and two little brothers lying ill with scarlet fever, but then he shares the proceeds of his romancing with them in their loophole garret, makes the fire burn brighter and the

hearts happier there. Boys have gone from the barber's shop to the bench to be Lord Chief Justice of England, to be one of the most eminent divines, mechanical inventors and landscape painters on record. Rare Ben Jonson was a bricklayer, and Inigo Jones, once a carpenter, came to have kings for his patrons. Let us look down on no one, for we do not know to what he may attain. Bravo, then, for our little crossing-boy.

At midnight of christmas eve, millions of men throughout the civilized world offer up thanksgiving for the advent of our Redeemer. Amidst the solemnity of forms hallowed by time and sincerity, amidst a blaze of tapers and gilded altar-lights, the smoke of incense, the perfume of flowers intertwined with holly and ivy, the sacrifice of midnight mass is offered up. We Protestants are ready to jeer at this ceremonial, forgetful that ages before protestantism existed the anniversary of our Saviour's birth was marked by similar solemnities,—forgetful of what Scott has told us in language at once true and beautiful—

"On christmas-eve the bells were rung;
On christmas-eve the mass was sung;

* * * * * *

All hailed, with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice the happy night,
That to the cottage as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

Let us not condemn any man's faith; let us hold fast to our own, not in a spirit of bigotry, but of well weighed conviction. The time seems not distant when each sect will best prove its stability by being able to stand on its own feet. If there be not less fighting and more fruit in the religious world, the future may see latitudinarianism take the legs from religion.

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Do you wonder, reader, what these stars conceal?—a passage in my life which will be remembered while it endures. The first anniversary of the day on which I sustained the loss of one who had been to me more

than a parent, came round on my first christmas-eve in England. There are black letter as well as red letter days in life's calendar, which come round to every member of the human race. Who does not feel as certain anniversaries return that the end of all earthly things is death;

> This death is strange and sure
> Whereto rank, riches, poverty,
> Yea, all the shapes which shield mortality
> Must bow;—he is the universal creditor
> In whose ledger, Time,
> Each of us has his folio
> Headed—"Debtor, life, in count with
> Death, creditor;"
> Sometimes the count is kept
> By single or double entry
> Of sorrow or of sunshine,
> Or both blended;
> With hope and fear, or rest or toil,
> Or rocket-like ambition,
> Be-mingled, yet distinct
> As the prismatic colours of the bow
> Which bends o'er earth its varied hues

Of light, array'd as 'twere
In mask'd or holiday attire.
Such be life's train bearers in ordinary,
To the next, and next, and final
Line of life:
Call these emotions, passions,—what ye will,
Of them the round of life is made up still.
These hopes and fears,
These furrows, physical and mental,
Are the interest on life's loan
While lent, and when the principal
Repaid and up-render'd is,
Death balances the dusty page
By writing this discharge—
"By principal and interest to date."
But what beyond?
The greatest living cannot tell,
Tho' breath is but the brittle bar,
He guesseth but to go astray.
The humblest who hath left this life
Doth know, while fancy and philosophy
Soar, seek, and speculate in vain;
Yet, let us trust in good,
Yea, let's be sure that good
To us will be;—

For know we not
That the Redeemer died
For us that we might live,
And that He liveth,
As we yet shall do,
For ever-more.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

"*Caput apri defero*
Redens laudes Domino
The bore's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay, and rosemary
I pray you all synge merely,
Qui estis in convivio."

Christmasse Carolles, 1521.

AS everybody in England, and most people in Scotland, know, christmas is the great feast day of England, both in a religious and a fork and knife sense. Divine ordination, Holy Scripture, tradition (the shadowy finger-post of the past), custom (the world's master of ceremonies) point to this day as the visible starting point of man's salvation.

Christmas day came and went twice while I was absent from my native side of "this tight little island," and on both occasions I lived near two opposite things—the parish church and a dissenting

meeting house. My first christmas in England dawned with a song and harp music which told of "the new-born King." It broke upon me when half-asleep; but, by and by it came below the window, and children's voices sent up, in clear silvery tones, these words:

"This king is come to save mankind,
As in scripture truths we find,
Therefore, this song we have in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria."

A child's voice will draw hearers when a man's will fail to command them. I became wide awake, and through the roundelay grew fainter, the feeling of solemnity did not decrease. Once more the sound of young voices fell on my ear, and I caught one or two stanzas of their carol, which, in air, had the simplicity of the ballad and the sacredness of the hymn. I made out something like this—

"I saw three ships come sailing in
On christmas day, on christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On christmas day in the morning.

O ! they sailed into Bethlehem,
On christmas day, on christmas day ;
O ! they sailed into Bethlehem,
On christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On christmas day, on christmas day ;
Then let us all rejoice, amain,
On christmas day in the morning !"

I got up and looked out on the misty morning for the singers ; but they were gone, and I saw only two or three muffled up figures, who had been, perchance, at early morning service.

I had heard of the displays of certain ritualistic churches in my neighbourhood on feast days. I had heard the parish church called old-fashioned because it wanted display. Because I believe religion pure in proportion to its simplicity, I went to the old church over against me.

It was approached by a long paved walk, on each side of which an arcade of trees formed an intertwined roof overhead. Beyond this walk was grass thick

with graves and chisseled memorials to those who had been called on to lay down life.

On almost every tablet or sod, flowers were hung or laid in wreaths or chaplets. The holly with its red berries, the snow-drop, the camelia, had been intertwined on many a marble cross ere day had dawned. The treasures of the hot-house told the passers by how solicitous friends were that dear departed ones should not be forgotten. In one or two instances, a roof of twigs and moss did its best to shield floral crosses which lay below on newly made graves, and every little while groups of church-goers stopped to admire and gaze. But it was rather the gaze of sympathy than curiosity. No foot trod on,—no finger touched these heart offerings. Children, in their parent's hand, seemed to half know their meaning, and the shadow of thought for the moment dethroned the smiles which sat on their bright morning faces.

It was pleasant to see the crowds of well-dressed people, as they moved onwards to the house of prayer, making way for long files of charity children two or three abreast, which here and there thronged

the pavements. Every one looked pleased as they passed, and got smiles in return, more worth having than costly christmas-boxes, because sincerity was there. Cheerfulness, without gaiety, was on every face, engendered by a feeling that Providence had given a new start in life.

There were silks, satins, and broadcloth to be seen on all sides—(everybody who can, and many who honestly cannot have these things)—but, the finest sight to me was that of a little boy leading his grandam to church. Each motion bespoke care as he pilotted the old woman, all but sightless, through the crowd. Cheerful anxiety to get forward to her destination beamed on her face as well as dependence and trust; now and then the bright flowers made her guide stop, but a gentle reminder called him to duty, and he blithely moved on. I believe that old lady was one of the happiest, if not *the* happiest, in the church-going crowd. I do not think she was very rich in the things of this world; her brow was wrinkled her cheek hollow, her hair grey; but she had a look of patient trust which had been won in the field of

trial; time had left his footprints, but a composure, which most things could not disturb, rested on that face. More than three-score years and ten had tried to disturb it, and failed. For a pure life, years have no terrors; as they one by one gather, they become bearers of light, whereby glimpses are caught on earth of those heavenly headlands, beyond which lies the new—the everlasting world.

The pillars, the baptismal font, the pulpit,—in short, every available spot in the church was decorated with ivy and holly; over the chancel-arch appropriate scripture texts were foliated, quiet in their material, in terms of the low churchism of the congregation.

The decorating of churches at christmas and other festivals is a business. At such seasons, may be read advertisements, offering to "do up" churches in any style, or to any pattern, with scripture texts more or less elaborate, as may be desired; for all which estimates may be obtained:—here you are—

"CHURCH DECORATIONS FOR CHRISTMAS,
Scrolls and Texts in any Style or Material, as outlines or richly coloured, to any place, by BENJAMIN BUGGINSON."

Of course Mr. B. cannot be expected to exert his taste and give his material *ex pietate;* but, surely this is bringing sacred things down to the level of secular, such as roast beef and plum pudding. Why, if you go to that, an Englishman must have these last, by hook or by crook, at christmas, despite of church decorations or anything else. The late Mr. Murray, of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in delivering his closing addresses, used, I think, to complain that the public had not sufficiently responded to his efforts, and added—"I will back roast beef and plum-pudding against Shakespeare any day,"—so I will back roast beef and plum-pudding against Mr. Bugginson and his church decorations, even though he offers to colour them in, "to any place!"

The morning service in England seems the one most numerously attended all the year round, and christmas day is no exception to the rule. Morning service over, the business of eating is entered on with an energy which does not appear to slacken while the holidays last. The streets are deserted, but the the houses are lit up; the clash of knife and fork,

merry laughter, music, unite in telling that people are enjoying themselves. And on boxing night, parties, old and young, formal and free, are held on all hands. The rooms are decorated with flowers of all sorts, but holly holds the lead. Shops where eatables are to be had, are festooned in elaborate fashion; and, in short, everybody appear in their best, and do their best at the bidding of Father Christmas.

On christmas day every place, save churches, are closed, while New Year's day is unknown. When christmas day is got over, the business man settles himself down to work until that time-honoured season returns. He looks forward to the return of that day with a pleasure all the more real that it is quiet. He makes all sorts of promises to the little folks at home, as to what he will give them and take them to see when next christmas holidays come round And as "to-morrow and to-morrow" comes and goes, bringing the glad spring, the bright summer, the fruitful autumn, and, at last, winter again, little people hold little meetings, and wonder whether Wombwell will come, and what sort of waxworks or pantomimes

there will be,—for they are to see them, as well as what sort of picture books, and tarts, and lollipops, they shall choose, — for they are to get them at christmas. Who would not like to be a citizen of the child-world? No wonder that Burke was so fond of children—and played at te-to-tum with them. To the close of his life, Burke was marked by a child-like spirit which took everything for good upon trust. When death swept away his only son, we know how he humbled himself before the great Disposer of events,—how he pushed away an offered peerage, how he made the declaration—"I am alone, I have no one to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in this world."*

It would be well for the world if it had more of the child and the school-boy spirit about it. If you want good society, you must turn, like Burke, to children. If you want to be with those whose wishes

* Edmund Burke's "Letter to a Noble Lord."

and thoughts are pure as their ways are innocent,—with those who look and speak as they think—you must seek their society. If you go up higher, you frequently run a risk of getting into the region where Madame Rachael, in spirit if not in letter, presides, the atmosphere of which is made up of enamel, rouge, calculating deceit, and, it may be, "Magnetic Rock Dew Water of Sahara," or "Jordan Water," sold at 10 and 20 guineas a bottle!! As the fashionable world is now constituted, we must not believe in all the smiles which greet us; nor accept the obtrusive services offered us; nor permit the meshes of selfish temporary profession to entangle us. Every thing outside is declared to be "Beautiful for Ever!" but, if we investigate how these persons and things are made so, we will, I suspect, find that the "Magnetic Rock Dew Water" for removing wrinkles, "brought from the East," does not come so far,—in fact, as Mr. Serjeant Ballantine put it, that "the East may mean Wapping!"

But what of the Upper Ten Thousand? Worse

and worse. If you want to see the real Upper Ten Thousand, you must go to the nursery and make friends with the shy sunbeams there—you must seek the society of men and women who have in youth been trained by mothers who did not look on an "eligible" marriage, however attained, as the *summum bonum* of life ;—you must enter the sick chamber and converse with those who, having borne the burden and heat of the day are waiting summons to the better land.

I know, and so do you, reader, unscrupulous people such as I have described. But, thank Heaven, we also know honourable people who have no bye ends to serve ; people who gain and keep respect by doing nothing on the "dodging" principle, but every thing in the face of day, and by the rules of rectitude.

I meant to have spoken of the christmas customs in the olden time, including the "boare's head and mustard," the Yule log (of which I saw but one specimen in England), the Lord of Misrule,—the Abbot of Unreason But, without going further back, I must refer you to the "Spectator," Walter Scott's "Abbot," and Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." You have read

these again and again, say you? Old times, I answer, are changed, and Sir Roger de Coverleys now-a-days are thin sown. Social distinctions are being levelled daily; the kindly intercourse between landlord and tenant, which once obtained, is cooled into how much the one will get and the other give per acre. As a consequence, mutual trust and hospitality is checked; and we do not hear so often as our fathers and grandfathers did of families living on and cultivating the same soil from generation to generation. I was going to express the hope, therefore, that what was good, joyous, and hospitable in "the brave days of old" might return; but, whether we look at the social or the political atmosphere, there seems to be a velocipedian tendency in fashion which prefers novelty for better for worse.

BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

Ay, 'tis a comely sight to behold,
As the company march
Through the rounded arch
Of that cathedral old !—
Singers behind 'em, and singers before 'em,
All of them ranging in due decorum,
Around the inside of the *Sànctum Sanctorum*,
While brilliant and bright an unwonted light
(I forgot to premise this was all done at night)
The links, and the torches, and flambeaux shed
On the sculptured forms of the Mighty Dead,
That rest below, mostly buried in lead,
And above, recumbent in grim repose,
With their mailed hose,
And their dogs at their toes,
And little boys kneeling beneath them in rows,
Their hands join'd in pray'r, all in very long clothes,
With inscriptions on brass, begging each who survives,
As they some of them seem to have led so-so lives,
To PRAIE FOR THE SOWLES of themselves and their wives

Ingoldsby Legends.

STANDING at the top of Park Street the eye looks down a steep declivity with handsome shops on each side, which in Burke's day—and after

it—were dwelling houses. In this same Park Street lived Hannah Moore, who broke the tedium of boarding-school toil by writing for the stage, who won the friendship of Garrick, Burke, Johnson, Sir Joshua ; and who in her later days wrote for the Sanctuary She died a Christian Philanthropist, regretted by all whose regrets and tears were worth having. David Garrick's death drew her to seek after God. From the top of this street, then, the view is terminated by a glimpse of a green park shaded by trees. Proceeding down to it, Bristol Cathedral rises before you in what ls called College Green. The appearance of the pile especially from the north east, is suggestive of age and solemnity ; its dark massive columns, its arched and richly carved windows, its tower, supposed to have been built four hundred years ago, when Walter Newbery and William Hunt were its Abbots, carry the mind irresistibly back to the days when the ancient faith held unquestioned sway, and the word Protestant did not exist. The origin of this cathedral is surrounded—as is usually the case—with a halo of chivalry and devotion ; the history of the sword and the sanctuary often stand side by side.

History and tradition go back to about 1142, and tell that the building now called Bristol Cathedral was originally a monastery dedicated to St. Augustine by Robert Fitzharding, whose father is supposed to have been a son of one of the Danish Kings, and founder of the family of Berkeley. Before that date the accidental arrow of Tyrrell had sent Rufus to his reckoning; Henry I. and Maude the Good are no more, and the billows have borne their beloved Prince Henry to his rest. But his sister Matilda, the widowed Empress of Germany, had been united to Geoffrey Plantagenet, whose son—after years of struggle with Stephen—was to ascend the English throne, and to begin, as Henry II., the sway of the house of Plantagenet in England. To see her son crowned Henry II., his mother contended with a valour which showed that the blood of Henry Beauclerk and the dictates of maternal affection were strong within her; and her cause had no champion more gallant than Robert Fitzharding After the conquest, came, for the most part, the cathedrals and abbeys. The cathedrals of Rochester

Chichester, Canterbury had amongst others arisen, and Tintern Abbey began, in 1131, to rise on the banks of the Wye. That the church was spreading may be gathered from the fact that in the united reigns of Henry I., Stephen, and Henry II., three hundred religious houses were founded in England.*

About the year 1142 the above named Robert Fitzharding, whose paths hitherto had not been those of peace, founded the Monastery of St. Augustine, of which Bristol Cathedral is a remnant; and, for the times, in the short period of six summers thereafter the building was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, more than seventy years before Henry III. re-erected the great Abbey where repose England's distinguished dead.

Entering by the north-east door the visitor soon finds himself looking up to the chancel, with the great east window before him, which modern taste has converted into a Jesse window, on which are emblazoned numerous heraldic shields, with a repre-

* Knight's Popular History of England, vol I., p. 259.

sentation of the crucifixion beneath. One peculiarity of the building is that the chancel, choir, ante-choir and aisles are of uniform height—fifty-six feet, which good authority states* is not the case in any similar structure in England.

The Communion table is railed—or rather roped—off from the chancel, and has a fine background of three gold pointed niches, from the apex of which four carved heads, representing certain Kings and Earls, solemnly look down. When the shadows of life began to lengthen, the founder Fitzharding became a canon of his own monastery; time found the warrior, whose ear was erewhile eager to catch the call to battle, taking up the sword of the spirit, and listening yet more intently for the approval of the God of battles.

Fitzharding was now a recruiting sergeant for the Cross; the voice of the repentant sinner, the morning thanksgiving, the vesper hymn, were now the most pleasing sounds which fell on his ear. The year 1170

* Britton, p. 54.

saw him, at above threescore years and ten, rest from his labours. He was buried at the entrance to the choir, of which a large flat stone used to be the indication. The seats proper to the Dean of Bristol and others now conceal the founder's grave. In 1306 the rebuilding of the Church was begun by Abbot Knowle, and finished fifty-seven years after. The tomb of the Abbot stands on the north side of the chancel. There, in a richly canopied recess, lies his effigy in sacerdotal robes, including his mitre and crozier, close by the high altar. He is not only in a holy place, but in good company. Immediately below his monument there is one to the last of the twenty-six abbots, with a dog at his feet: and two flat stones adjacent to the Bishop's throne indicate the graves of the author of the Analogy of Religion, and Bishop Conybeare, who wrote in defence of revealed religion against Matthew Tindal.

You also see in the chancel the tomb of Abbot Newland, surnamed, from his arms, Nail Heart, or better still, from his overflowing charities, the Good Abbot. There lies his effigy in the pomp of vestments,

mitre, and crozier, in that arched recess, upon the carving of which so much skill has been exerted. Angels support a shield at his feet, charged with his initials.

In my visits to the cathedral, I have now and then noted the expression of visitors as these altar tombs were pointed out. The look of novelty, rather than awe, sat on most of the faces; a glance, rather than a gaze, sufficed to satisfy the half-asleep curiosity of the passers-by. Reader, you must have often seen crowds taking up the pavement before a bookseller's window—staring at the last cartoon of *Punch* or *Fun*. You must have rarely seen, if ever, crowds surrounding the altar tombs of the saintly shepherds of Israel. Most of us look at the one thing with interest and zest, and laugh over it with our friends at home, while we look at these grand memorials of the past as we see people doing in museums on free days,—vacantly, and with a desire to kill time. Thus is it with men: with ladies, I would back a hairdresser's or a milliner's window against all the monuments in the world.

Kings and Queens in the olden time worshipped within these sacred walls. In 1281 the first Edward stopped short in the midst of his Christmas wassail and sought peace and comfort in this sanctuary, which a few years after he enriched with gifts which only a king could give. While the wars of the Roses raged, the White rose, in the person of Edward the Fourth, came to sue for that mercy from God which he refused to his fellow-men; twelve years after,—when the deluge of death consequent on these wars had ceased; when one hundred thousand men had perished; and patrician in common with peasant blood had paid tribute to the rival ambitions of York and Lancaster,—the first of the Tudor dynasty came hither, as Henry VII., to worship, in that year which saw the union of the White and Red Roses by his marriage with the daughter of Edward IV.

Ninety years later, when Elizabeth, the last of the Tudors, honoured Bristol with her presence, when the Papacy was abolished and the Church of England established,—it was to Bristol Cathedral she repaired to worship. Ten years after the union of the English

and Scottish crowns another noble lady—Queen Anne of Denmark, consort of James I., followed Elizabeth's example; finally in 1643, when that civil war had broken out to arrest which it required, some years later, the head of Charles I., that monarch, with his two sons—Prince Charles and the Duke of York, attended divine service in this ancient fane.

Such were the royal persons who worshipped in the pile which the piety of Robert Fitzharding, descendant of the Danish Kings, had reared.

We have spoken of those who once lifted the living heart and voice within those walls to the King of Kings. Let us glance at the illustrious dead whose ashes lie there.

After Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries *vice* the Pope deposed, the first Bishop he appointed of Bristol Cathedral was Paul Bush, who was consecrated in June, 1542. Things went pleasantly with Paul until two events happened, his marriage with Edith Ashley, and the accession of that Queen Mary known in history as Bloody Mary. For his marriage he lost his lawn, then by death his wife, and in

the year 1558, when the political weather glass pointed once more to Protestantism, on the accession of Queen Bess, his earthly furlong (for life is nothing more than a furlong) came to an end. In the northern aisle of the cathedral, from the bishopric of which he had been so unjustly expelled, may be seen a low altar tomb, over which is a quaint stone canopy supported by six columns, each bearing arms. Within these you see the recumbent figure of Bush, the head resting on a mitre, while a carved crozier lies at his right hand. Once a stone stood where his tomb is now, bearing the words "Of your charity pray for the soul of Edith Bush, otherwise called Ashley, who deceased the 8th day of Oct., A.D. 1553;" —what a history of sorrow, faith, and hope are in these words. Though cobwebs have clustered around his tomb for more than three hundred years, interest must ever attach to the resting place of the first Protestant Bishop of Bristol and his wife Edith Ashley.

As you enter the chancel from the south aisle you come upon the graves of the two famous bishops of whom we have spoken above, Butler and Conybeare.

They were two of the few good Churchmen of George II.'s reign. On the east wall of the southern transept a monument of polished stone tells you what the brains of Butler did for religion; Southey's pen wrote that true inscription,—I say true inscription, because is it not a fact that if a man wants to read a little bit of romance he can go to no better place than the church or the churchyard? The many gifts and graces, which, if we are to believe granite and marble, dead people possessed, are wonderful.

In the northern transept you find a monument to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, in whom we are told "genius and benevolence were united," &c., and who died in 1778, aged 35. Who think you was she? The lady whom the passion and pen of Laurence Sterne have made famous, under the name of "Eliza;"—the lady, too, regarding whom Raynal, the author of the "History of the Indies," wrote, and raved, and blubbered in common with the shifty Tristram Shandy.* When we think of the portraits which

* Fitzgerald's "Life of Laurence Sterne," vol 2, p. 364.

Sterne was never tired of drawing, of that pale Indian lady who came seeking health from "the territory of Ajinga,"—of his love letters and his lackadaisical anxiety regarding her, we are much more inclined to laugh than anything else. We said *love* letters; but, save his daughter Lydia, we question whether Yorick ever loved anybody in the world;—certain is it none save his daughter Lydia loved him. His death-bed, so deserted and dismal, is one of the most terrible commentaries on the result of living to oneself that modern history furnishes. No eyes full of tears, no tender farewells, no prayers for the departing spirit are there;— only a lodging-house nurse and a footman. If we are to believe the books, when Sterne's last sigh was being heaved, that nurse was stealing his gold sleeve buttons. All this flashed through my mind as I looked on "Eliza's" monument.

Before Garrick left London on the grand tour, in September, 1763, he secured the services of a clerk whom he had heard "spouting" at a debating club, named William Powell. This same Powell, Garrick thought fit for

lover parts;—ere long the public thought and said that he could play the lover as well as Barry; that his *Philaster* was perfect, and that though the old Garrick was lost, a new Garrick was gained in Powell. Garrick himself believed him a rival, and never rested till he returned from foreign travel and reasserted his superiority amidst applause which no modern actor, save Garrick, either received or deserved, Well, this Powell, who made Garrick fidgety for his fame, lies buried in the northern aisle of Bristol Cathedral. In the north wall a monument is placed, with George Colman's well-known lines at its base. Though Powell's voice was hushed nearly a hundred years ago, his name, like Garrick's, is fresh in dramatic annals. Like Garrick, he was a good and a grateful man, as well as a good player.—Powell wrote to Garrick—"You, Sir, have put within my view the prospect of future happiness for me, my wife, and little infants, who are daily taught to bless your name as the best of friends."* A grateful man is generally a good man; Powell is proved to have been the

* Fitzgerald's "Life of Garrick," vol. 2, page 138.

the former, and in that proof he is, we think, proved to have been the latter.

These are one or two of the more remarkable monuments to be seen in Bristol Cathedral. But there are others deserving of notice, did our limits permit, such as Sir John Young's, whom Elizabeth lived with and knighted: that of Cowper's friend, Lady Hesketh: and that gem near the cloister door, to the memory of three children cut off by fever. In this monument the marble breathes forth a poem of purity, innocence, and peace, which none can look on without feeling gentle thoughts come over them; the heart must be hard which reads the simple inscription, and looks unmoved on the sweet upturned faces of these children clinging to the cross and gazing upwards to heaven.

One of the oldest and most interesting parts of the cathedral is the chapter-house and vestibule, built over 700 years ago by the founder, Fitzharding. Here a chapter was read daily to the monks,—hence it was called the chapter-room. When I state that this apartment is 42 feet long by 45 wide, and 30

feet high,—that it is most elaborately arched and groined, and that it is one of the finest specimens, if not *the* finest, of Norman work which England contains—I have told but a few of its beauties. The zigzag and the cable carving which encircle its walls; the Abbot's stalls which encircle the apartment, covered with the most exquisite carvings, which cast their deep shadows on the floor,—the stained Norman windows, through which the light steals, make up an architectural treat which, to its extent, cannot be surpassed in beauty or suggestiveness. The zig-zag rope-like carving, to which I have referred, is alike pure and entire.

Passing from the chapter-house into the vestry, an ancient piece of sculpture, both broad and long, is fixed above the fire-place. It was one of the twelve coffin lids which were found beneath the floor of the chapter-house in 1831, when the famous riots and fire together nearly destroyed the cathedral. This sculpture is supposed to belong to about the year 1000. It is believed to represent Christ triumphing over the evil one. The figure of Christ is trampling under

foot the enemy of souls, while the latter struggles with Emmanuel for the mastery. As a piece of perfect antiquarian art nothing is left to be desired;—the lessons it taught more than 800 years ago it teaches to-day;—more forcibly now than then, for the halo of nearly 900 years is around it.

Leaving the cathedral, and in order to get from Upper to Lower College Green, we must pass through one of the finest Norman arches in England, if not the world. Supposition is often the historian of the past, and so it is in some measure with the college arch. It is believed to have been the entrance to the original monastery. Upon it are full-length figures supposed to represent Fitzharding the founder of the monastery, Abbot Newland, alias "Nail-heart,' and others. We say and others, for time has beheaded one of the remaining figures, and struck off the mailed arm and hand of another. Figures supposed to represent Edward the Confessor, Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, and Lord Berkeley, hold in their stony hands title deeds and a model of the building. Decay speaks to the inner as well as the outward eye. The defaced

figure, the half-desevered arms, the broken column, are some of the leading lines which decay reads out to succeeding generations, whereby they may recut the pathways of the past, and learn by the aid of history's lamp what these things mean.

But while these figures speak their history indistinctly, the arch beneath them is full of architectural life. There are the spiral pillars on each side, supporting the groined arches throughout the entire length of the structure. The niches on each side as you pass through, are of a height and are cut with a depth which suggest that in each once stood an image of some saint or holy devotee. The minute tracery, the foliated playfulness of the chisel must charm the common and the learned man alike Stones, as well as tongues, have a spell, — a spell to incite admiration, thought, purity of taste; the college arch through which so many monks and abbots, priests and friars, saints and sinners, have passed in bygone centuries, is no exception to the rule. That arch is speaking now as audibly to our mental ear as it did in early days, and when one stone has ceased

to stand on another, it will still tell its story. Ruin is a rough, but a reliable rhetorician — a n honest historian.

Near by the great aisle of the cathedral once stood a house, from the nursery window of which an infant face looked out and, with poetic ear, listened, amid the sunbeams of morning or the fading vesper light, to the deep mellow tones of the organ and the measured chant of the choiristers. Once a little child "sat on the winding steps which led from the aisles to the cloisters, and longed to unite her feeble voice to the full anthem." When brothers were playing on the Green before the Minster, the child remained beneath the great eagle which stood and still stands in the centre of the aisle to support the Bible, from which the daily lessons were read, and listened to, and joined in the music of the anthems of praise which many voices sent up to heaven.

That child went away into the world, and after fighting hard for virtue fell a victim to villany which we do not stay to measure. That form came back to the cathedral, weary and worn, sad and fallen, cling-

ing to the early past—aghast at the present, fearing for the future. The world had been too much for that exquisitely strung spirit, and she groped her way back to the sacred place where the days of her innocence were spent. Would you know who she was? She had learned men, poets, authors, artists, virtuous ladies, pious clergymen, for her friends and admirers. She had talents, in prose and poetry, of which any one might be proud;—she had charms which chained all ranks to her service; but she had a betrayer. Again, I ask would you know who she was?—I will tell you bye and bye.

TWO BOOKS.

Cornwall. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, Sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade."

King Lear, act ii. scene ii.

The page is precious which is pure,
For aye in time it shall endure:
Nay, when time stumbles it shall stand
And bear fruit in the promis'd land.

THERE is no finer promenade about Clifton than the Royal York Crescent; every house is almost a mansion in itself, and the situation commands a view alike ample and pleasing. Green fields, studded here and there with houses, wood, water meet the eye as far as vision can reach. Dundryhill, and tower take the eye by storm, especially if the sun is shining. This Royal York Crescent is a fashionable promenade for invalid ladies and gentle-

men, who are drawn by the hour along the broad railed-in pavement, in Bath chairs, with solicitous friends and attendants-in-waiting. I noticed many of the chairmen as they drew these machines along, give a meaning smile at times, which, I suspect, was called forth by the very affectionate manner in which the muffled up occupants of the foresaid chairs were addressed by their loving friends, notwithstanding the surly monosyllables that came from these individuals in answer. Morning, noon, and night, music is to be found here from a hurdy-gurdy up to a harp, and squads of happy children, secure from harm, run about all day. The air is clear and breezy as if coming off the sea, and for the most part the sun shines right on the Crescent. In February you may observe sun blinds unfurled over the hall doors and upper windows, and from the middle of March onwards the heat is oppressive.

One day, after strolling along the Crescent, I came upon an odd-looking old bookshop, with a door so narrow that I could with difficulty get in, and a keeper who called up Don Quixote instinc-

tively to my mind. Moreover, there was just sufficient light in the place to make one sceptical as to what sort of shop it was.

The gaunt guardian of literature pointed me to rows of dusty volumes. After a few minutes, my eye fell on two titled "Life of George IV.," by Huish. I found they contained portraits of that sovereign in babyhood, asleep on his mother's lap, and as king with his star and his ruff, and "George R." below. There were also portraits of other people, such as Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, Fox, Brougham, Queen Caroline, and Princess Charlotte. I had heard of Huish's life of this king, so I bought the volumes, the first of which only I read in England; the second remained unopened until after my return home. Of all the histories I ever read, this is the blackest. There is no gleam of purity; no rest from sin, no compunction for the misery of betrayed youth or broken-hearted old age. I claim no methodistical nicety or extra refinement of feeling, but though I sat down to the book with some knowledge of the society of George IV., and prepared to leave a wide margin for immo-

rality in thought, word, and deed, my blood grew hot and cold by turns, as I read the narrative. I waded on through scene after scene, hoping to get to some redeeming point where conscience or decency might be traced, and but once or twice did I come on an instance. We have lives of George IV. by Dr. Croly and others, but they are courtly, — the sentences are well turned, and sin wears indiscretion's dress. In Huish's book the veil is drawn painfully up; we are face to face with vice, and there is no escape but in throwing down and forgetting the book if we can. In most cases vice is varnished over with genius, wit, or humour. Here we have a personal history into which none of these things enter. At nineteen we find as little generous sentiment as at sixty-eight. Dupes and victims appealed, reasoned, and wept in vain; the heart of "the first gentleman in Europe" (whom his select circle of parasites, including John McMahon, delighted to describe as a living example of every virtue) was stony at all seasons. If youth has its excesses, it has its affections and yearnings. But George IV. as prince and king loved no human

being,—alas! that a few people loved him. His position gave him a range of society, which included soldiers and sailors, statesmen, orators, poets, painters upon whom posterity will look back with increasing admiration as it gets farther away from them. In the beginning of his career, Burke, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Moore, came to George's table; long ere the end, stablemen, Jews, blacklegs,—in short, the *canaile* of humanity were his companions. How sad to think that Sheridan, without whose aid "the first gentleman in Europe" could neither compose nor spell a letter, through contact with this person sunk into habits which, if they did not shorten his days, clouded his fame. How sad to think that the author of "The Rivals," "The Duenna," and "The School for Scandal," came to declining years of debt, and a death-bed of poverty; that the man who erewhile persuaded or commanded the House of Commons at will,—who made Warren Hastings tremble, and for whom the diamonds of Oude had no charms, was left to meet death with bailiffs at the door. If George had had a spark of sympathy for the man who had been by turns

his boon companion, amanuensis, apologist, he would have sent a few guineas to gladden Sherry's last hours. George did it not,—he did to Sheridan what he did to all men and women—deserted him; in grotesque contrast to his conduct to Sheridan when alive, he ordered him a monument, when dead, in Westminster Abbey. He suffered the spirit, whose best days were spent in his service, to feel poverty's pinch, to pass away solitary and unsoothed;—by way of compensation, he caused the shrouded clay be laid in the Abbey where kings and queens and men of master mind lie buried. In poet's corner, in front of Shakespear's monument, Sheridan's dust mixes with that of Garrick, Henderson, and Johnson.

We have no wish to dwell on George IV.'s history. The story of the postobit* foreign bonds, in which he was not alone culpable, puts belief on the stretch. Once read, it can neither be forgotten nor forgiven.

We are told that both as prince and king, "Florizel," as he called himself, received many rich presents, in-

* *Vide* Huish, Vol. I., pp. 308 to 316, and Vol. II., pp. 133 to 152.

cluding bows and arrows, from certain of his father's subjects. I shall tell you about an arrow that was presented to him. A figure lies on the bed of death; on these lips, eyes, and attenuated frame, death had set his couriers. Within a few hours of dissolution, a broken voice murmured, "Let me be buried in old Windsor churchyard." A few pounds, and a few trinkets, were all this woman's worldly possessions; the first were needed to bury her; the second she directed to be given to one or two people who had pitied and stuck to her in her trials and poverty; and, lastly, she requested with an earnest pathos, which amounted to a prayer, that a lock of her hair should be presented to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales after she passed away. We are told * that "this mark of her regard is said to have been received on the part of the prince with strong demonstrations of sensibility." That lock of hair was an arrow which should have pierced him to the heart. The giver of it was a poetess who won encomiums from Edmund Burke, at that time conductor of the An-

* Huish, Vol. I., p. 68.

nual Register.* It was to his son Richard that she first repeated the improvisatore poem, afterwards published in the Register, entitled "Lines to him who will understand them." The person who won Edmund Burke's praise was somebody. In the conclusion of that poem, there is at once evidence of agony and spirit to brave it,—not the spirit of vindictiveness (for any shrew or vixen may exhibit that), but the spirit which arises from a purged conscience—a conscience which has gone through all the degrees of purgatorial cleansing. Here are the lines :—

> " Nor will I cast one thought behind,
> On foes relentless, friends, unkind :
> I feel, I feel their poison'd dart
> Pierce the life-nerve within my heart ;
> 'Tis mingled with the vital heat
> That bids my throbing pulses bea ;
> Soon shall that vital heat be o'er,
> Those throbbing pulses beat no more !
> No—I will breath the spicey gale,
> Plunge the clear stream, new health exhale ;
> O'er my pale cheek diffuse the rose,
> And drink oblivion to my woes.'

* Memoirs of Mary Robinson, Vol. II., p. 121.

These lines, that tress, did not cost "Florizel" more than a shrug of the shoulders and a few tears. He remembered that he was a Prince, and a king-to-be, and as such that he must be above the weaknesses of common men! He remembered also, we suppose, that Alexander the Great only wept when there were no more worlds to conquer, and that he himself, George P., had the honour of the British nation to support. So he bottled up his tears, and husbanded his sighs, and went on as before;—

A king's son!

. . . . .

. . . . .

You Prince of Wales!

I promised, a few pages back, to tell who the lady was whose childhood was pure as her end was sad. She was Mary Robinson, whom Thackeray speaks of in the last of his lectures on the George's, as "poor Perdita." It was this same "Perdita" whom I described to you:—it was this same George IV., then Prince of Wales, who, at little over 19, was her betrayer.*

* It has been said that George III. exhibited signs of in-

We have been in darkness. Come to sunshine, pure mountain air, humble highland homes, silent glens, domestic peace.

A day or two after I had thrown aside Huish's book, "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands" was issued, which I read in common with thousands of Victoria's subjects. That book tells much that is interesting, but it suggests as much as it tells. Its pages are pure, simple, and true. There is a peace in the writer's heart traceable in every line. Whether we read the ascent of Lochnagar, called by the writer "the jewel of all the mountains*;" the salmon leistering, the moonlight row on Loch Muich, the torchlight ball at Corriemulzie, the death of the Iron Duke, or the fall of Sebastopol, the interest in the book and its writer is maintained. You read it as you would the letter of an old friend

sanity immediately after the affair of Lady Sarah Lenox. Independently of this, the conduct of some of his sons was enough to produce and confirm derangement.

* Queen's Journal, p. 82.

who had been away on a holiday and was writing you her news after returning home.

We hear nothing of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, or the Princess Royal; but we hear of "Albert,' "Berti," "Vickey," and "Alice." The wife and mother,—the woman, not the Queen, dictates every page; yet how much more is she the queen in being the woman? Whether in the palace or in the old women's cottages, heart is manifest. The visit to old Kitty Kear's cabin, and the "Peep into Blair the fiddlers,"* leaves Alfred himself behind. It is meet that the grand-daughter of King George III., who was familiar in many a homestead, should thus act. The leaves of "Our Life in the Highlands" will be looked back on as a feature in the reign of Victoria. Everywhere they will find readers,—everywhere they will leave impressions of gentleness, purity, peace.

Reader, I will not ask you which of the two books you like best; I might as well ask whether you prefer darkness or light.

* Queen's Journal, pp. 113—14.

RITUALISM IN ENGLAND,

AND A WORD ON

THE ECCLESIASTICAL SITUATION IN SCOTLAND.

"And Dame Custance, finally to say,
Toward the town of Rome go'th her way."—*Chaucer.*

"Pursuits are various here, suiting all tastes."
The Course of Time, Book Sixth.

ONE of the foremost features of England is her churches. Like Bath chairs, they are to be found at almost every street corner. After a time, one ceases to look at these edifices, — they are "over the way" wherever you go, more numerous than pillar letter boxes. Without irreverence, it is possible that some of them are not so useful.

If we consider the proximate causes of the Reformation in England under Henry VIII., who Mr. Froude takes such pains to whitewash, we must admit that, independent of the invention of printing,

Anne Bullen, lust of power, and personal pride take a leading place among them. Until Anne Bullen became Henry's wife, his daily cry was "conscience," whereof Catherine of Aragon was the cause and the key note. Henry's conscience, like many people's before and after him, suited itself to his own wishes or the interests of the hour. The Pope, as between Catherine and Anne, refused to become Henry's tool. Thomas Cranmer and Thomas Cromwell became his tools, and from being "Defender of the Faith" under the Pope, he became, on his own authority, "Defender of the Faith" himself. Wyckliffe, Luther, Calvin, Knox, were in earnest in a sense unknown to Henry. To him

"Gospel light first dawned in Bullen's eyes,"

and if we are to believe David Hume, he died on the Catholic side of faith rather than the Protestant, deeming the former, by implication, "the safer side of the question."

The immediate effects of the Reformation in England, including the dissolution of the monasteries, the

appropriation of their revenues by the Crown, and the robbery of the ancient shrines, served the interests of true religion but obliquely; if we believe such writers as Cobbett and Lingard, society got a shock which induced amongst other things poverty and poor laws. Doubtless a religious reformation would have come sooner or later. Guttenberg, Caxton, and Anne Bullen, were among the leading agents who brought it about, or rather began it in 1534. The results rather than the origin of the English Reformation admit of satisfaction.

The distinctions between the Roman Catholic and the Reformed faiths were at first shadowy; they were decided during the reign of Edward VI., which was a Protestant *inter regnum*, but, as events proved, before Jane Seymour's son died, ecclesiastical storm-signals were seen, and when he died Mary hoisted the drum of destruction, amid the roll of which Protestantism took change of air for five years, until her recall by Elizabeth. Policy and doubtful legitimacy led *interalia* to that recall as much as religious principle or rooted belief on Elizabeth's part. Few will deny

that she was her father as much as she dared, and herself as much as she could. None will deny that under her Protestantism struck root, and that under her successors it, upon the whole, flourished. True, in the days of Charles I., Protestantism's roots were shaken, but Cromwell came, dug about and pruned it in a rough way, poured royal blood into its roots, and tramped the earth well down about it; besides, he gave it a top dressing of Royal Prerogative which made it flourish anew. Afterwards a storm shook the tree in 1688, but a Dutch gardener came over and kept it steady, and after he watered it with "Boyne Water," the tree never looked over its shoulder.

The spirit, if not the letter of the Church of England, inclines, like that of Rome, to outward form and precise repetition. Yet she is not fettered with form in the extreme sense of Rome, for with Rome form is to a great extent faith.

The Scotch Reformation of 1560, as established by Knox, almost uproots form—nay, what form is sanctioned is gone through in the plainest mode, and we

know that Knox held sentiments antagonistic in the highest degree to the Church of England.*

My general observation of the manner in which the services of the Anglican Church are at present conducted in England, leads me to think that outward pomp, form, and observance, are on the increase. In one or two cases, such as in Bath Abbey and Clifton Parish Church, the services are conducted in exact conformity with the Book of Common Prayer. As a rule, I found the clergy read the service either in a pompous or formal way, too often the latter mode prevailed, conveying to a stranger rather that a day after day task was got through than that anything solemn was being said. With the exception of the Rector of Bath, I did not hear a good reader in England. Every word he uttered was distinct in sound, rounded without affectation, and its meaning conveyed to the mind as well as the ear with freshness.

Thoughtful sermons, where research or study were traceable, I did not find to be, as a rule, a charac-

* McCree's Life of Knox, pp, 50-51, et seq.

teristic of the English pulpit. In most cases, fifteen to twenty minutes saw the prelection begin and end. One Sunday morning I listened to a sermon in which the Saviour's name was not mentioned,—in fact, no reference whatever was made to Him. The time was spent in making a prosaic appeal to the people to increase the amount of the offertory. In plain terms, the preaching of Christ crucified was postponed to the preaching for £. s. d.

But one of the main things which is undermining the Church of England as a Protestant Church is Ritualism, which, in one word, may be defined playing with Popery.

Like Popery, Ritualism appeals to the eye and the senses. While nominally within the Anglican pale, in reality it is more within the Roman. Ritualism professes to strive after the perfection of the primitive rather than that of the modern Catholic church.

In the matter of absolution by the clergy, Ritualism rather encourages the doctrine of judicial than ministerial absolution of sin. Ritualism teaches more or less distinctly that a minister or priest, in virtue of his

being ordained such, has power, in virtue of his priestly office, to forgive sins. As a rule, whatever tends to the magnifying of the priestly office is fostered by the Ritualists. It may be presumed that the Ritualistic clergy are not displeased to encourage this inclination; nay, to inculcate it more or less distinctly as they find the minds of their flock more or less plastic. The doctrine of judicial absolution, whereby Rome declares that, after confession, a priest can, as such, of himself really absolve the penitent from sin, receives no countenance in the New Testament, the English Church, or the Greek Church; in fact, the form of absolution by the Greek Church is orthodox,* resting as it does on repentance and faith. It may be true that the English and Greek Churches have mutual sympathy; it is true that on the doctrine of absolution they are at one. Here are a few characteristics of Ritualism as I saw it.

The churches are hung round with the fourteen "Station" pictures; the pulpits are draped in front with

*See "Prayer Book interleaved," p. 214, and "England *versus* Rome," by H. B. Swete, M.A., p. 189, et seq.

gaudy cloth, upon which a large cross is usually prominent. But from Good Friday to Easterday they are draped in black. The altar, which usually blazes with light, is all but dark; the church itself is half-lighted; and all good Ritualists attend in mourning With Easterday the minister, or as he prefers to be called "the priest," appears in the pomp of sacerdotal vestments, in which almost every sort of colour intermingle; he comes as near the alb, cope, and chasuble of the Catholic as he can. Sometimes he adopts the shaven crown, sometimes he is "bearded like the pard," and he chants, or rather drawls the service. A large cross forms the centre of attraction on the altar. Before he begins and when he ends his sermon he bows before it; he pronounces the benediction at the altar, looking towards the people, at the same time making the sign of the cross. On feast days, including the administration of the Holy Communion, incense is burnt in censers swung to and fro by "thurifers" who kneel behind the officiating priest. The altar is railed off; access to which is got by an elaborately carved gate, which is opened shortly

before the minister and his gowned following enter the church. A procession is formed when the service is over, and when the last member of it has left the church, the gate of the altar is closed with haste,—the people being taught to believe that their priest alone may tread within that gate.

In one of the churches referred to (which I believe was not consecrated), a carved cross rose high above the altar gate, adorned, at the time I saw it, with holly and immortels. From each side of this cross, woodwork ran, upon which were placed six candlesticks with wax candles of ordinary length in them. Beneath, in large gothic lettering, "God is the Lord who shewed us light." In this same church "Retreats" were in vogue; whereby, such members of the congregation as desired it could live for a time under their pastor's roof, and laying aside worldly matters and thoughts, give attention to spiritual. Of course this is in imitation of the Roman Catholic Church, which sanctions "Retreats" and "Missions."

The hymns and music are Roman Catholic in tone

In many cases the words of the hymns are materialistic and marks of transubstantiation run through the Eucharistic portion of them. The hymns both before and after the consecration of the Eucharist bear the worst of doctrines on their surface. Before consecration, hymns may be sung with stanzas such as these :—

> " He cometh as the Bridegroom comes
> Unto the Feast Himself hath spread,
> *His flesh and blood the heavenly Food*
> Wherewith the wedding guests are fed."

After consecration, such hymns may be used as this, beginning—

> " Hail, Body born of Mary,
> Hail, Christ-Redeemer dear,
> *True Man and perfect Godhead,*
> *And living Flesh are here.*
> * * * * *
> * * * * *
>
> " Hail, Blood of Christ in heaven,
> The Chalice of the blest,

The water of redemption
To cleanse the sinful breast.

"Hail, Blood and saving Water,
That from the wounded side
Of Christ, our dear Redeemer,
Flowed for us when He died."*

With reference to what are called "The Reproaches" on Good Friday, I find anthems to be sung, "all kneeling," in which such passages occur as:—

"We venerate Thy Cross, O Lord . . . . . for, behold, *through the wood*, joy has come to the whole world."†

On the Good Friday of 1869, I listened in a fashionable Ritualistic Church to the chanting of these "Reproaches," and also to the singing of a hymn extending to ninety-two lines. These "Reproaches' and hymn were printed. The latter is mainly addressed to the cross itself, not to Him who died on it;

* The People's Hymnal, p. 65, *et seq.*

† The People's Hymnal, p. 33.

negatively, if not positively, the sacrifice Himself is made subsidiary to the material "wood and iron" upon which He was suspended.

Quoting from the printed paper before me, the cross is spoken of, or addressed, in every verse. The "Hymn" opens thus :—

"Faithful Cross above all other
One and only noble Tree!
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peers may be:
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron!
Sweetest weight is hung on thee!

Further on we have this stanza :—

"Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory,
Thy relaxing sinews bend!
And awhile the ancient rigour
That thy birth bestowed, suspend.
And the King of Heavenly Beauty
On Thy bosom gently tend!
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron!
Sweetest weight is hung on thee!"

The whole of this materialistic dogerel was sung

without pause to a tune, the music of which was alike sensual and childish. The congregation knelt all the time, and in the course of the singing of the ninety-two lines, many lost the place,—the result, I suppose, of the extreme length of the composition, and the see-saw sleepy air.

If the display was novel, it had nothing in it to awaken devotional thought or feeling in the heart. If you will pardon me for placing Heber's compositions side by side with the above trash, you will be able to detect the difference between the ring of the true and the base metal. Take this from Heber by way of contrast—

"Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

"Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save!"

Every line of Heber's reaches the heart, unless the

last stages of pectoral fossilification have been reached And as the heart is the audience-hall, in which heaven's messages are meant to be delivered, any message which reaches the senses and not the heart, or mistakes the senses for the heart, falls short of what should be its highest aim. The senses are the service road over which thought travels to the spirit. If thought stops short at the senses, without reaching and awakening the spirit, the spirit is deposed from her sovereignty, and the senses become a terminus of thought—a terminus alike false and variable. The spirit or soul is the essential court,—the court of first and last resort to which thought must appeal in order to bear good fruit. When thought reaches the soul, a radiance is thrown upon it by the reflectors, revelation, faith, conscience; if it pass through that test, the truth is sterling; if not, it is spurious.

The devotional thoughts or feelings awakened by Ritualism seem to be altogether spasmodic and lily livered. In word and doctrine (as I think is said already) it is Roman Catholic, and worse; worse, because it makes a distinction without a dif-

ference. Moreover, hymns such as I have quoted are preferred to those of Heber. As for "A New Version of the Psalms of David, Fitted to the Tunes used in Churches, by N. Brady, D.D., Chaplain in Ordinary, and N. Tate, Esq., Poet-Laureat to His Majesty," they are neither sung nor spoken of, and are more forgotten than the South Sea Bubble.

The judgment of Lord Cairns in Mr. Mackonochie's case* put out the candles and stopped the sacerdotal kneeling, but gas is substituted at or near the altar in shapes as closely resembling candles as possible.

Moreover, the Ultra-Ritualists hold out, like the Romish Church, for seven Sacraments, including those of Penance and Unction of the sick; they say, like Rome, that holy oil can only be consecrated on Maundy Thursday—the day before Good Friday.† Besides, the Ultra-Ritualists are in favour of the invocation of saints and angels, in opposition to the XXII. "Article of Religion."‡

* Pronounced on 23rd December, 1868.

† "Tracts for the Day," p. 352.

‡ Quarterly Review for January, 1869—"The Ultra-Ritualists."

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As for the parties who compose the Ritualistic congregations, none of them, as a rule, are sixty years old; most of them are below rather than above thirty, and a bald head is a rarity.

One side of the church is occupied entirely by "Men"; the other by "Women." When the name of Jesus occurs, the "men" bow, and the "women" curtsey more affectedly than they do in a ball-room on a first introduction, or when going through a set of quadrilles. Some of the "women" bow so low, that one is apt to recall a certain figure of the "Lancers." In plain English, your common sense is disquieted. You may smile at first; but, remembering how solemn an act worship is, disapproval takes a graver form.

Another fashion which these High Church people pursue, is that of bowing the head and keeping it in a bent position while—"Glory be to the Father," &c., are pronounced.

It is but fair to say that my experience of the Ritualistic clergy is, that their sermons are able, and that if they enunciate papistical views, there is an earnestness, and a length and breadth of thought

which in England is rather the exception than the rule.

On Easter Eve, 1869, I listened to a sermon by one of the Ritualistic clergymen in the west of England, The Rev. Canon ———, of All Saints ———.* For upwards of an hour he preached extempore to an audience as still as it was large. His style, if somewhat theatric, was a favourable contrast to the closely read A B C—utterances which fall from too many of the English clergy. The speaker exhausted his subject, and applied it with fervour and eloquence. I left the church, saying—"this is the best sermon I have heard in England."

On the Monday morning subsequent to Easter Sunday 1869, my eye fell on an article headed "Easter Sunday at the Churches," which, amongst other things, gave details of the decorations of All Saints ———. After narrating that "the communion table was decked out with many bunches of flowers, and two tall candlesticks," it was stated that

* Scotland is tinged with bastard Romanism, of which there is an example at Edinburgh, in the Church of All Saints, Brougham Street.

"on the cornice over the table, and on the side arches were many candles." Then followed this passage: "It is not a little singular that in catechising the children after the afternoon service, the Rev. ——— ——— . . . . . incidentally remarked *to the children* that '*whatever was left of the Lord's body*' after communion, was wrapped or covered over with a linen cloth."*

Such is a specimen of the precepts and the practice of Ritualism. The pestilent nature of the doctrine this man was inculcating into the young mind requires no comment. This same Rev. Canon ——— is in full orders of the Church of England, and his Church was consecrated by the Bishop of the diocese.

There is a furore at present for "restoring" churches in England, which, in connection with accomplished and coming events, seems ominous. The same furore has spread to Scotland. When people want to raise money for restoring a church, they generally resort to a means in keeping with the end, such as a bazaar, or

* Daily Bristol Times and Mirror, March 29, 1869.

an oratorio. But down in Warwickshire for instance, there is no such puritanical balancing of means and ends. As every one knows, the church and the stage were once closely connected, of which there is evidence in the ancient miracle or mystery plays. From the following Bill there seems a chance of their being re-united :—

"CORN EXCHANGE, WARWICK.

SPECIAL PERFORMANCES

In Aid of the Funds for the Restoration of Marton Church.

THE LADY OF LYONS!

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SONGS AND

LAUGHABLE FARCES ! ! !

MR. J. SOLE,

MISS AGNES VERNON,

AND THE

SHAKESPERIAN COMPANY.

TO-NIGHT AT EIGHT."

Thus "Claude Melnot" and "Pauline," "Shylock" and "Jessica," "Songs and Laughable Farces," are brought into restore the Church. Synagogue of Satan! nonsense, the end justifies the means. "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen; be in time,—the curtain rises punctually at half-past seven. The orchestra are just beginning the prelude from Il Trovatore. You are doing a good work, and cultivating a taste for the drama at the same time,—make way, there, for the Vicar and his lady!" If things go on, we may expect the restoration of miracle and mystery plays, and a new edition of Hone's book, with recent examples by way of appendix; "a shilling, Shakespeare, and—the Church for ever!"

All this is tolerated in the Church of England, the Articles of which are antagonistic to those of Rome. The Church of England being a Protestant Church, it behoves her heads to see that those who profess to be in communion with her are so in deed, and not in name. Whether the tenets of the Ritualists and the Church Service, as conducted by them, be more Protestant or Romish, judge ye. What do the

Bishops of the diocese in which these things occur? The Articles of Religion speak, and the law has spoken plainly. Not only divine precept, but divine example teach and command our ministers and people to purge the Church of all things that offend. Surely, silence implies weakness, and if persisted in, that silence will, with other facts, form one of the concomitants which may be held to require and sanction disestablishment If ever there was a time when the Church of England required to keep herself, and all within her pale, pure and Protestant in doctrine and practice, it is now. At half-past two in the morning of the 24th March, 1869, the House of Commons disestablished the Irish Church by a majority of 118; and on the morning of the 19th June thereafter, the House of Lords confirmed that decision by a majority of 33; and, the number of Tory Peers who voted for the Bill was 44.

On the 24th of March, 1868, we find Disraeli, the Conservative leader, in a letter to the Earl of Dartmouth, making a declaration, the significance of which cannot be over-estimated. That astute politician declares:—

"We have heard something lately of the crisis of Ireland. In my opinion the crisis of England is rather at hand; for the purpose is now avowed, and that by a powerful party, of destroying the sacred union between Church and State which has hitherto been the chief means of our civilisation, and is the only security for our religious liberty."

Those majorities disestablished the Irish Church; these words foreshadow, in no ambiguous language, that ere long the English Church may also be disestablished. In such circumstances, the course which her clergy and her people ought to pursue is clear to demonstration. In permitting Ritualism, whether incipient or avowed, to flourish in her midst, is she not ringing, by anticipation, her own knell?

Referring to the ecclesiastical situation in Scotland, the Episcopal Church there seems to adhere to her standards more strictly than in England. She is less taken up about priestly vestments, vespers, matins, even-song, and new fangled mummery in general. Her hymn book has a Protestant tone, and contains compositions calculated to produce devotional, rather

than highpitched emotional feeling. In England every congregation sings hymns of its own ;—and the Church of England proper is no better than her neighbours, —she has no uniform set of hymns.

The Established Church of Scotland, since the year 1843, cannot be said to be the church of the majority. The law of patronage, as she now admits in her "Statement prepared for Mr. Gladstone," has been the cause of much evil to her. The restoration of patronage, per the Act of Queen Anne, 1712, is declared to have been part of a scheme by Harley and Bolingbroke for bringing the "Auld Stuarts back again," and to be the source of dissent, and Lord Macaulay's opinion is cited to prove this.

Patronage has been since 1843 practically obsolete, and it seems gratuitous to pretend that its legal removal will of itself make the Church of Scotland a perfect church. Previous to 1843 there had been no secession from the National Church since that of 1752, which took shape as the "Relief" Church. Erskine's secession of 1733 was more important, and took shape as the "Secession Church."

When Chalmers' secession came in 1843, more than ninety years had elapsed since the last secession from the Church of Scotland, and her clergy, secure in their stipends, believed that farther dissent was dead. The 19th of May, 1843, shook the Church of Scotland in a manner which no other than a "National" Church could have survived—*i. e.*, a state supported one.

Thomas Chalmers was not only a great but a good man. I so designate him, not because of his legislative and statistical knowledge, not because of his political and mental acquirements, of which he has left an evidence in the "Free Church" which he reared, but because I trace in his private life and Journal (which, if I may use the expression, he seems to have kept day by day, as between his God and himself) the marks of a man striving to do a great work for conscience sake, which he in his heart believed to be for the good of his Master's cause. The short prayers for divine guidance, which he from time to time writes down in private record, go further to convince me of the singleness of aim, the purity of purpose, which characterised Chalmers in the formation of the Free

Church than backloads of speeches and professions to the outside world.

To speak as we think, Chalmers was the best man in his Church. Since his time its leaders have been as much polemical sectarians as Christian teachers; they have shown zeal, but they have also shown intolerance for the opinion of others, particularly those connected with the Established Church. If we mistake not, its leaders have aspired to gain a mental ascendency over their adherents, in proof of which, look at the gift they have of procuring, in one shape or another, money. During the first twenty-five years' existence of the Free Church, the total sum raised by its members was £8,063,147, or thereby, being an average of £322,526 per annum.* Its leaders have the gift also of getting testimonials to themselves from their adherents, in money amount, sufficient to make them independent for life. Testimonial giving is a trade so general, that many

* See article in "Quarterly Review" for Jan., 1869, entitled "Church Principles and Prospects."

influential newspapers, such as the "Edinburgh Scotsman," have a notice in permanent type, that, unless paid for as advertisements, they cannot insert the paragraphs which flood their office, setting forth that, for certain important services, Mr. So and So has been presented with a silver eperne, together with a silver tea-kettle for his wife; or, if it is a small affair, a silver snuff-box with, we shall say, an "elegant brooch," added by way of sweepstakes, to his wife, if he has one. In all cases "a suitable inscription is attached." Reader, as you peruse this you must recall many cases got up *sub rosa* by the recipients themselves.

Less than thirty years ago I remember seeing a dissenting clergyman, on the attainment of his "Jubilee," presented with a purse containing fifty sovereigns or thereabouts. For fifty years he had spent and been spent, not in factious disputations in presbyteries or assemblies, but in striving to do his Master's work, seeking only souls for his hire. Church politics he held to be out of his province; to ecclesiastical ambition, envy, bigoted debate, he was a stranger. This

gift was deemed a handsome return for his life work! Now, a few hundred sovereigns offered to the magnates of certain churches, would be taken by them as an insult. Thousands—thousands are the expectation, and the cry is "still they come;" even after they do come, there is an inclination to ask for more, and more is given and taken.* A speech follows from the recipient, in which word modesty, in too many cases, covers a literal blowing of trumpets. Ten to one, the Rev. recipient makes reference to a past or coming "conflict" or "struggle," in which he either has taken or will take a principal part. There is a wind up more or less conventional—the recipient being made of too stern stuff for tears, rather feels than speaks or shows his thanks. A church champion weep! fight is rather his *rôle*. So he makes his bow and goes down into the clerical ring again, prepared to defend and gloss over his sectarian views and dogmas, like the mangle woman, by the piece or by the hour.

* Of all those who have received "testimonials" in the Free Church, Dr. Guthrie perhaps is the most deserving.

Tears are reserved for special occasions, such as the "farewell" sermon which cuts the tie between an "affectionate" pastor and people. Then pastor and people unite together in a sort of lachrymal litany, and almost invariably a parting "testimonial" is presented. That is the effect; a few more pounds is the cause.

One marked ecclesiastical feature of the present time is the official state of the church in Scotland at large. Not so long since, a man who held the office of an "elder" was chosen with special reference to his godly life; he acccepted after prayerful consideration, and he discharged his duties under a deep sense of responsibility. There are good men scattered over the face of the earth still, but it cannot be denied that ecclesiastical, like municipal honours, are cheap. As a rule, men of intelligence and reflection are backward to accept office, and men who have recently come from other denominations are made "elders" within a few months of their advent. This state of things applies not more to the Established Church of Scotland than to certain dissenting bodies. And if we look at the average composition of a Free Church Deacons'

Court what do we find? In most cases my baker or my grocer is sure to be a deacon. Somehow the deacon's ecclesiastical epaulets are sought after by business men with eagerness. Made a deacon, the grocer or the baker becomes of importance in his congregation; he comes more in contact with its members, and it quite naturally occurs that temporal advantage accrues to him. After you have discussed with him the best means of taking up a subscription for, say, district mission work, or got a pew quite to your mind by his assistance, you cannot, with any face, leave the shop without giving your deacon an order. He—honest man—would not solicit it; true he might send you a price list or a circular, but that was a coincidence all in the way of business. The deaconship had nothing to do with it,—of course not!

It requires little consideration to see that what Disraeli indicated with regard to the Church of England applies to the Church of Scotland. The days of her establishment seem, humanly speaking, to be as much numbered as her days of patronage. If she girds herself up to the occasion, she has nothing to

fear. She has held to her Protestant standards with uniform consistency, and if her country clergymen have here and there taken things easily, in the possession of a pretty country manse and a good stipend, including lots of unexhausted tiend;—if they have been found flocking to the tiend court praying for additional "chalders," if they are now and then self-important, and, on contradiction, dictatorial and ill-tempered, there has not been in many respects a more useful body of men. As a rule, they have remembered the dignity of their office as well as its duties. They have eschewed departure from Protestant doctrines and forms, and kept the faith in a way which the Church of England, as a body, has not. But if the Church of Scotland wishes to be in future a living and popular church, she must prepare herself to work by her own exertions as if State aid were withdrawn; she must show the world that she is in earnest for the world's good; she must not blindly adhere to certain creeds because John Knox or any one else declared them orthodox, but she must sift all things through her own sober

judgment, guided by principle, not expediency or special pleading. As a consequence, her conclusions will stand the analization of foes as well as friends, and if these conclusions are carried out in a Catholic spirit, they will yield a good harvest in time, and in eternity. By the way, that word "eternity" is getting familiar in our hot church courts, where squabbling is too much the order of business. How many of those who use that word, and other words equally solemn, think of its significance, or act as if they remembered that each tick of time is bringing nearer and nearer the advent of the evermore? How many of those men who are fighting, and seem likely to continue to fight *in infinitum*, about what they call, in unintentional satire, the "Union Question," exhibit in their debates the spirit enjoined in the Sermon on the Mount? Why, for the most part, Church Courts are neither more nor less than clerical cock-pits, where personal prejudice and pique, narrow-minded dogmatism and intolerance are in vogue. Christianity, brotherly kindness, and charity,—where are they? They are mentioned in a professional way at times,

but in spirit—if not in letter—they are left to stand out in the cold,—deposed from the spiritual Treasury Bench;—or if called in, mostly for the purpose of giving a clerical *color de rose* to the speech of some parson whose main merit lies in being a pur-blind partizan. The words of Goethe still hold true:

"Around our spirit's dreams, our noblest, best,
Some base alloy for ever clings and grows;
Once of the good things of this world possessed,
We call a better wealth but lying shows
The glorious feelings, those that most we prized,
That made indeed our very life of life.
In the world's turmoil and ignoble strife
Are seared and paralysed."

THE BRIDGE AND THE MANSION.

"Then who will stand on either hand,
And keep the Bridge with me?"
Horatius.

"The grim portcullis gone,—and all
The fortress turned to peaceful hall."
Rokeby. Canto V.

GOING to the end of the aristocratic square known as The Mall, and passing over the margin of Clifton-down, you come to a suspension bridge, which deserves to be spoken of with such structures as the Fribourg Bridge, the Pesth Bridge over the Danube, or Telford's Bridge over the Menai Straits.

Byron says somewhere that there is nothing so difficult as a beginning, but the history of Clifton

Suspension Bridge goes to shew that an end is more difficult.

In 1753, there lived in Bristol a Wine Merchant and Alderman named William Vick, who left £1,000 as a beginning to build a freestone bridge over the Avon, at that point above Clifton where occurs the deep natural gap between St. Vincent Rocks in Gloucestershire, and Nightingale Valley and Leigh Woods in Somersetshire. This £1,000 became, by accumulation, £8,000, in the year 1830. Plans from eminent men—including Thomas Telford—were got, but the design of Isambard Brunel was preferred. In 1836 the foundation stone was laid, but in 1843, after £45,000 had been spent on the erection, it was found that, to complete this great work of stone and iron, it would require £30,000 more. For nearly twenty years two ponderous stone towers looked across at each other unspanned by any connecting link. At last the cash of a company threw an airy-like roadway over the chasm, and in December, 1864, a procession, "more than a mile in length," paced over the bridge, which

it required the generosity of Alderman Vick to start 111 years before—the genius of Brunel to plan and partly execute—and the perseverance and purse of a new generation (including two Acts of Parliament) to complete. But Brunel did not hear the cheers which his name called forth, or see the procession with its music, and banners, and floral emblems,—he had crossed Mirza's Bridge.

The span from side to side is more than 700 feet; the arch towers at each extremity are 70 feet high and 8 feet thick. The bridge is 245 feet above high water, and the length of the suspended platform, over which delighted tourists promenade, is nearly 640 feet. As you stand at one end of the span, and run your eye along to the other, the perspective effect is all that science or taste can bring out. The manner in which the chains are carried through the openings at the tops of the towers gives a light freedom to the whole, which contrasts with the ponderous piers founded far down in the rocks.

From the footways there is an uninterrupted view on every side. The river winds seaward with bright green hills and valleys, including Clifton-down, with its old Roman encampment and Observatory. Then, turning the eye to Leigh woods, in which once a day Chatterton used to ramble, new villas are to be seen peeping out here and there in all the pride of tower, turret, and gilded vane. Nightingale Valley, with its winding glades—here open, there shaded—arrests the gaze, and the birds make a conquest of the ear. If one wants a music lesson from nature, he will get it by taking a stroll on this bridge on some fine spring morning before breakfast, or when river and wood are dissolving in twilight. There is nothing to pay but the pontage. When I think of it, there is something more to pay—the pontage of praise, the homage of grateful hearts to the God who created that panorama. So much for the bridge; now for the mansion.

When we stand on the Clifton side we are in Gloucestershire, when we stand on the Leigh Wood side we are in Somersetshire. On the latter a rural road lies

before you. Follow it for less than a mile—the policy walls of Ashton Court, with aged oaks and elms looking over, shield the stone-breakers from the sun; then high hedgerows stand on each side—then comes the "George" Inn, quaint, clean, and enticing. Passing onward, an Ionic gateway and lodge stand on the right hand, from which a broad but unwooded avenue rolls out before you. This is the private entrance to the seat of Sir William Miles, Baronet. Further on the second lodge is reached, and the avenue is entered, through which one gets peeps of Blaize Castle, and now and then, through glen and glade, the river is seen in the distance. A few paces more and you stand before the pillared front of Leigh Court. The old Court house of Leigh concealed Charles the II. after Worcester was lost. But that old Manor House is down, and the Leigh Court we now ask you to enter stands in its stead.

On entering the Great Hall the visitor sees that he is in the abode of taste and luxury. From a floor of chequered marble spring twenty marble columns which support a dome of stained glass. The light is

sufficiently clear to attract the eye to four high-standing vases from the chisels of Delveaux and Scheemaker;* beyond them stands a magnificent organ, the tones of which are daily called forth in aid of the highest of all duties,—Divine Worship. Through dining and drawing rooms, billiard room, saloon, and library, are dispersed art treasures, by Titian, Raphael, Carlo Maratti, Claude, Vernet, Correggio, Murillo, Guido. Other artists, all of the first rank, are represented, which we have not room to specify. The collection embraces about sixty-five pictures, and, in the knowledge that to fabricate the old masters has become a business, each picture for the most part carries authenticity on its face.

In the Saloon are two pictures by Claude Loraine, viz: "The Landing of Æneas" and "The Sacrifice of Apollo."

These are the pictures known as the "Altieri Claudes." Their history wears the features of romance. They were once the pride of the Altieri

* See Dr. Waagen's "Works of Art in England," vol III., p. 134.

Palace at Rome; their princely owner sold them to an English Artist, who, to save them from the French, hid them behind a wall, and got imprisonment for not revealing their hiding place. Fagan escaped to Naples with the Claudes, the French took possession of that city, and also of Fagan and his pictures, in the act of escaping in 1790 to Nelson's fleet; but, through a friend he became once more free, and he and his pictures turned up at Palermo. There he forwarded them to an English merchant, and got home some time after, just in time to hinder the Auctioneer's hammer from knocking them down to the highest bidder. They were next found amidst the splendours of Fonthill Abbey. "Vathek" bought them for £7,000; subsequently "Vathek" valued them at £12,000, and got that sum from the gentleman who, in his turn, sold them to the late lamented owner of Leigh Court.

If it be true that Claude "was so ignorant as scarcely to be able to read or write,"* it is certainly

* Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, p. 417.

true that he stands at the head of the landscape and architectural painters. His woods, skies, rivers, shattered shrines, declare a master hand. Above all, his morning light is a concentration of the magical in art with the true in nature. In both pictures under notice, but particularly in the "Sacrifice of Apollo," we see the mist dissolving before the sun's morning beams, as perceptibly as he who stands on the hill side at dawn. The vapour is, as it were, dancing a misty measure away from before the face of the sun. Each tree, flower, blade, has the dew still upon it; we not only see it with the eye, but feel it in the heart. The sermon, therefore, is good. I repeat—the sermon, for I need not remind you that the painter preaches in colours, as the poet does in words. Their sermons go down from age to age, gathering as they go new and never disappointed audiences. Alas! in most cases for the preacher proper, and especially for the preacher modern, and his exact essay of fifteen or, we shall say, twenty minutes. Thank heaven, there are exceptions to the rule; but, for the most part, the modern preacher seldom reaches the hearts of his

hearers. To-day he seems bound indissolubly to his flock,—to-morrow, let a better living turn up, and the tie is severed. Which is the most consistent preacher —the man who makes the eye familiar with the truths and beauties of nature, and leaves them a living legacy to the unborn, or the man who simpers out platitudes and truisms from year to year, careful, we trust, to endeavour to save souls, but certainly careful to round the vowels (especially in England) and pocket the living? Do not think I am putting natural before revealed religion; if a man believes in nature, he must believe in revelation.

I had meant to speak of one or two other pictures in the Leigh Court collection, such as the "Salvator Mundi," of Leonardo de Vinci; the "Virgin and Infant Jesus," of Raphael, or the gems of Reubens. I would fain speak of Domenichino's "St. John the Evangelist," once the glory of the Giustiniani Gallery at Rome, and for which 6,500 scudi were refused in the beginning of this century.* But space, and possibly

* For details of this collection, see generally the work already referred to—Dr. Waagen's Works of Art in England.

the reader's patience, forbid it. I rather say, in conclusion, let every lover of art go and judge for himself. In the stately homes of England there are, we believe, no finer examples of the old masters. I found by experience that there is no possessor of art more generous in making his collection accessible to the public than the courteous owner of Leigh Court.

ST. MARY REDCLIFFE.

CHATTERTON.

"O peerless church of old Milan,
How brightly thou com'st back to me,
With all thy minarets and towers,
And sculptured marbles fair to see."

Henry Glassford Bell.

"I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it."

Prologue to King Henry the Eighth.

IF you want to walk through dirty streets with narrow pavements, go to Bristol. You are in the atmosphere of pounds, shillings, and pence,—farthings too, by the way, for tradesmen there seem to believe that farthings make fortunes.

Going down Broad Street you cross Bristol Bridge (which unites Gloucestershire and Somersetshire), and get a glimpse of the shipping. Turning to your right, you get into Redcliffe Street, where all manner of warehouses, works, and unsavoury smells predominate.

It is worth while treading this narrow mammon street. At its end a pile rises, which has few architectural equals; it has a literary history, at the mention of which Bristol should feel sad, if not ashamed.

In the time of Edward IV. there lived a merchant one William Canynge. His ancestors were men, who by industry, came to wealth and distinction; he himself was some five times Mayor of Bristol, and twice Member of Parliament. Like Antonio, he had "argosies with portly sail" on almost every sea. But, while he had wisdom to ward his wealth, he had piety to spend it in building the Church of St. Mary's, Redcliff, which Leland* characterises as "among the fairest of churches."†

* Itin., Vol. 7, p. 86.

† "William of Worcester, Camden, Fuller, and others, have praised the Church."—*Chatterton.* A Biographical Study, p. 14.

From the entrance gate the structure stands before the eye in all the bold relief of gothic column and arch, tower, turret, and bartizan, from which last, rise a circle of spire-like pinnacles. From its great upper windows, arched spandrills of chisled masonry link the lower to the upper portion of the building. The famous north porch, once the muniment room where stood Master Canynge's coffer, is a ready entrance. Enter there, and take stand at the antique gate which leads down the nave. On each side rise columns to support a roof, which rivals in beauty, loftiness, and lightness of design, all other churches in England, and, it is believed, many out of it. The carving of the roof is elaborate in detail; but, as it stretches over the head, away to the chancel and choir, it seems a sheet in perspective of the richest embroidery. The cleristory windows admit a soft twilight, which falls on the groined arches sufficiently to bring out the light and shade of their masonry; while concealing half their beauty, the twilight lends them the majesty and mystery of shadow. Sometimes I have seen the sunbeams laugh the shadows out of countenance;

then the minute fluting, the foliated tracery, the bosses, ribs, and capitals, stood forth in all their beauty.

The vista down the nave has a fitting termination in the Lady-Chapel, the painted windows of which lend an effulgence to the structure which does not compromise its sacred character.

The altar, which is richly decorated, is reached by a floor laid with alternate squares of black and white marble. At Christmas time red bannerets with braided crosses jut out from the adjacent pillars, whereon may be read in gold letters, the words "Peace on earth, goodwill to men;" while, at the sides the beautiful words are embroidered, "The Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Almighty God." When Easter day comes white flowers are strewed on the chancel, and the "reredos" is adorned with such texts as "Christ is risen." Azeleas, primroses, rhododendrons, hyacinths, and camelias are called in to give effect to Easter Sunday; in truth, one cannot detect the difference, so far as floral decoration is concerned, between an English and a Roman Catholic church.

The windows which have been restored in this cathedral are magnificent. One of the smaller windows is in the ancient style of glass painting, and was erected to the memory of Handel 100 years after his death.

Another window illustrates the raising of Lazarus. The work is marked by rich, yet not gaudy, colouring, and the peculiar gipsy expression of the Jewish countenance is rendered in the varied phases of trust, hope, faith, doubt.

The most beautiful portion of the whole Church is the Ladye Chapel, which, though small, is unique.

The centre window is magnificent, and illustrates the coming of the wise men to behold the child Jesus. The Virgin is depicted sitting below the manger with her son in her arms; the wise men bend before Him, and cast "gold, frankincense, and myrrh" from vases of eastern mould at His feet. Their faces bear the marks of pious wonder, and whether we look at the white man or the Ethiopian, it is not difficult to believe that their prayer has been—

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Reedeemer is laid."

Immediately over the Saviour's hallowed head a group of angels, begirt as it were with the smoke of sacred fire, are watching over Him, and near them, in exquisite taste, are depicted three doves sitting on the "heck" above the manger. Nothing can exceed the angelic faces of the heavenly host, or the beauty of the feathered emblems of peace. Everything is complete, rich, pure, I had almost said holy, but this would be confounding the earthly representation with the heavenly thing itself which is represented.

On each side of this centre window there is a window little less in size, one of which illustrates the Saviour's words; "Suffer little children to come unto Me;" and the other "The raising of Jairus' Daughter."

Look at this last for a moment. Jesus has just healed the woman having the issue of blood; he has entered into the ruler's house, where are Peter, James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. Jesus has declared, in the consciousness

of his power—"Weep not, she is not dead, but sleepeth;" he has been laughed to scorn, he has answered that laugh and those jeering and incredulous looks by saying, "Maid, arise." Her spirit has come again,—the clay cold face once more shows signs of life,—the lips are becoming coral, the eyes, but a moment ago closed in death, look dreamily around, while her half incredulous parents gaze upon her with looks which shew that many phases of feeling are contending for the mastery. As a work of art the effect is impressive in the extreme, but, without going into detail, the triumph of the artist lies in the life-like manner in which he has rendered the returning bloom of life, which is gradually suffusing the pale face and chasing away the damps of death. The process of returning life seems to go on while you gaze.

Look for a minute at the monuments around.

Below the window of the north transept, the full-length figure of a mailed knight reclines. Mayhap, he has listened to the voice of Peter the Hermit, or followed Godfrey of Bouillon to do battle for the

Cross upon the plains of Palestine. His cross-legged effigy tells that in life he had been a crusader, and where in death his dust lies. His name and lineage are unknown, and, in common with most men who have "shuffled off the mortal coil," his epitaph may be rendered, as Junius hath it, "*Stat nominis umbra.*"

Perhaps the most interesting effigies in the church are those of its re-builder—William Canynge, and his wife Joan. Formerly they lay side by side in the attitude of prayer. They are now placed under separate canopies, overlooked by small figures of angels. Canynge found, in his old age, that the world was little worth keeping after it was won. His ten vessels, with their hundred mariners on shipboard, and 100 artificers on shore,—his chain of office,—his robes and civic state,—his contact with kings, and his parliamentary career, he found to be vanity, and he lived his last years and died as Dean of Westbury. You may see his recumbent effigy in marble, wearing priestly robes, beneath a canopy, the carving on which is elaborate, and the figure itself is so sharply defined that one pauses as before a living

man. Sermons of this sort lie all round the church. Here, amongst others, is Canynge's purse bearer, with his wallet and his dog ; there, Canynge's cook, with his cleaver and ladle.

In connection with Redcliffe Church I have a story to tell, which, to my mind, is the literary tragedy of the eighteenth century.

For something like a century and a half previous to the year 1752, the sextons of St. Mary, Redcliffe, were named Chadderdon or Chatterton.* On the 7th of August in that year, Thomas Chatterton, a schoolmaster in Pyle Street, and a sub-chaunter in Bristol Cathedral, died, leaving a poor widow entering on her 21st, and one daughter, entering on her second year. An old Grandmother lived with them, and the household were yoked to heavy trials, of which poverty proved to be not the worst. The widow took up a girls' school, and to shirt making and embroidery.

* "Works of Chatterton," by Southey and Cottle, vol 3, p. 525. "Chatterton," a biographical study by Dr. Daniel Wilson, p. 6.

In little more than three months from the schoolmaster's death, on 20th November, 1752, the widow bore a son, and on New Years' Day following he was carried to the Font of St. Mary, Redcliffe, and baptized "Thomas," after his dissipated, musical, antiquarian father. From the boy's first to his last hour poverty was his lacquey, and pride his patron. His ways were strange; he spoke little, and his food was bread, water, and tea. He found his way daily to Redcliffe Church, and gazed abstractedly on the effigies, especially those of old Canynge and his wife. Child as he was, he thought, gazed, and pondered, until tears fell on the stony tenants of canopy and niche, and went back to his humble home when the bars of twilight told him it was time to go. He had always heart-welcome in that home. From authentic records it is not difficult to sketch it. There sits the widow, bent over her work, in the midst of her little circle of scholars, who do not come from rich homes; all day she toils and moils among them; she is cheerful but anxious, not so much about her daughter as about her odd boy. He would sit alone and cry for

hours;* he would stare at his mother and sister in silence until tears restored his speech; then he would hurriedly write down matter which his mother did not comprehend;† his eyes would soften, his face sadden, and tears tell a story, in an unknown tongue, which is only now being interpreted.

In the muniment room over the north porch of Redcliffe Church, a number of old chests lay;—one, called Master Canynge's Coffer, was said to contain ancient manuscripts connected with the Church. Chatterton's father had taken loads of them away from time to time; little Chatterton came upon them, and, though slow to learn his letters before, he gathered from that moment a sort of learned inspiration. He read, read, on; he went up to a garret and remained for hours, and came out with reluctance,—his face and hands besmeared with ochre and all sorts of colours. Before he was admitted to Colston's Hospital he had ransacked Canynge's Coffer,‡ and when there he wrote some of his famous Rowley MSS.

* Wilson's Chatterton, p. 9. † Appendix to Dix's Life, p. 300.
‡ Wilson's Chatterton, p. 23.

He was admitted to the hospital in August, 1760, when seven years and nine months old,—he left it on 1st July, 1767, and, on "that same day," Professor Wilson tells us, "he was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, a Bristol attorney, to learn the art of a scrivener." Of all the years of Chatterton's life we like to dwell on those he spent at Colston School. Often when walking in the streets of Bristol, I came upon groups of Colston's boys, with their knee breeches, yellow stockings, long blue coats, with dolphin badge, and tonsured caps, somewhat like the boys of Christ's Hospital in London, and I instinctively thought of Chatterton. In fancy I saw him in the school-room, sitting, with curled lip, over tasks which he had long ago mastered; while mill-horse pedants were doing their best to instruct him, his mind was with the days of William Canynge, holding converse with the monks, knights, kings, poets, parchments of that time; the past was to him a present, while the present—so far as externals went—was but a half reality. All the while the boy was marked down a ducne. In fancy I saw him hurrying away on

his Saturday half-holiday, through the dirty streets of Bristol; nobody heeds the charity boy. Yet, little Blue Coat is lively, nay—he goes proudly through the crowd, though there is not one in that crowd who have a smile or a kind word to give him. Groups of boys are at play, but he stops not until he has entered his mother's house. He replies to her enquiries with short answers; but, as he looks on her and his sister, he makes them feel that they have his whole heart. The boy vanishes to his attic overhead with a strange joy; many hours after he comes down in a mental mist, swallows no end of tea, sits silent and in one posture for hours, until tears dissolve his trance. See! he smiles again; his sweet face and round cheeks, and dark grey eyes, tell how dearly he loves those who make up the humble yet happy home circle.*

At the time we are speaking of, the orphan boy was writing in his garret his Rowley poems, which afterwards gave rise to an absurd controversy. In 1764 the little fellow produced to his friend Phillips certain ancient MSS., which he said were written 300

* He knew nothing of modern lip-love.

years before by one Thomas Rowley, a secular priest in Canynge's time.* These MSS. were written in such ancient characters and on such musty parchments that Phillips was "sorely puzzled" to decipher them. They were the first of a series of ten ancient poems, including "Ælla, a tragycal Enterlude."†

This, like all his Rowley poems, is written in antique phrase and spelling, which, to the modern or lazy reader, obscures its beauties. When expressed in modern language, as Dr. Wilson has done in the case of the famous "Minstrel's Songe," we feel that, to some extent, we are perusing poetry in a Shakesperian sense. Ophelia's song in Hamlet, as Dr. Wilson says, comes to the mind, in the case of the "Roundelay of the Dying Maiden," which has a ring of its own. The imagery is vivid and varied; a weird beauty and unspoken tenderness is present in every line. For example, what can be finer than this:—

> "See! the white moon shines on high:
> Whiter is my true love's shroud;
> Whiter than the morning sky,
> Whiter than the evening cloud."

* Wilson's Chatterton, p. 40.

† For a list of these, see Masson's Essays, pp. 338-9.

Chatterton had completed his "Ælla," and was offering it to Dodsley the Publisher,* when he was sixteen years old. In September, 1768, the present Bristol Bridge was opened, and Chatterton, under the name of "Dunelmus Bristoliensis," sent the Bristol Journal an account of the Mayor's first passing over the old Bridge, which attracted notice as much as it perplexed. Chatterton said he wrote it himself, which was true. He was laughed at.

From this time Chatterton attracted more or less attention. Next to the misfortune of a sensitive mind getting into contact with people who have no shame or feeling, is the misfortune of such a mind becoming acquainted with people who can appreciate nothing but a shilling. Chatterton came across people who could neither appreciate his genius, nor give him a helping hand on his literary road. Among them were Burgum, the vain pewterer, and George Catcott his partner. The former gave "a crown" for the famous De Bergham Pedigree; the latter took the boy's manuscripts often for nothing, and

* On 21st December, 1768.

always for little. This same Catcott it was, who, after Chatterton's death, purchased for five guineas the manuscripts which were in his bereaved mother's hands. He was greedy to make profit out of the poor widow, as he had been to make profit out of her penniless little son. Yes, my heart burns with indignation to tell you that this—man shall I say, while paying a pittance to the poverty-stricken widow, while successfully duping her into a sale for five guineas of things which he knew to be precious,—was shortly thereafter offering to sell for £50 the collection of MSS. which he had previously taken from the orphan charity boy and his mother for next to nothing.* Catcott had no "compunctious visitings of Nature;" he could not feel inclined to give the bright-eyed boy more than a few shillings, if not pence, for MSS. which were bringing him profit, and, ultimately, personal importance. What though Chatterton stood before him, eager to advance himself with his pleading, anxious face, and empty pocket; what though the orphan's little hands were

* Masson's Essays, p. 332, and Wilson's Chatterton, p. 89.

sometimes clasped with anxiety, waiting for the verdict of approbation or disapproval. Catcott saw nothing in all this but a way to make sordid gain. And, after the violent end had come,—after he knew that starvation and despair had silenced the singer,—after he knew that little blue-coat was buried in a pauper's grave, and that his wanderings, hopes, and ambitions,—aye, and, thank God, his sorrows were over,—this Catcott met the widow, listened to lamentations wrung from her breast, where care had come, and where ultimately cancer came, beheld her wan cheek, her feeble steps :—he knew and saw all this, and in it, as before, he saw nothing but a way to make money. So he gave her five guineas, and she took it, for the widow was struggling, amidst disease and penury, to maintain herself at the old school business, and not herself alone, for her daughter was now a widow with a child. I would not wish my worst enemy to have been the man who made that brutal bargain. I would wish to think it was not made. It is certain it would not have been made had the widow's son been at her side; for by that time he would have felt,

by experience in praise, and pecuniary reward, that his poetry commanded large sums, and he would have pleaded with effect at once for his mother and himself; or, if not with effect with Catcott, others would have been glad to purchase his MSS. at their value. But the widow was alone, the earthly life of her advocate was wound up. Little Chatterton could appeal to generous George Catcott no more; so his mother, as we have said, got five guineas, and gave in exchange all the MSS. which she had belonging to her son, including his "Ode to Liberty;" which Ode, says Dr. Wilson, "surpassed the 'Song to Ælla' in sustained imaginative power; and indeed may claim its place among the finest martial lyrics in the language." *

Nineteen years after the boy's death (1789) a book was published, entitled "History and Antiquities of the City of Bristol, compiled from original records and authentic manuscripts by William Barrett, Surgeon, F.S.A."

The author was a "friend" and "patron" of Chat-

* Wilson's Chatterton, p. 150.

terton in the sense of George Catcott. He got no end of antique manuscripts from the charity-boy, "and he gave him in return the mere loan of a volume, or the most trifling gift in money." * Chatterton hinted, and ultimately declared—that he himself was the author of the MSS. Surgeon Barrett, with a wise shake of the head, told him not to tell stories, but never refused the MSS. which the boy heaped upon him ; in short, he grasped at everything he could, and worked it into his "History," as ancient MSS. discovered by his own labour and research, while they were the works of little Chatterton. Barrett had comparatively little trouble ; plenty of money came in to him from a large practice, so that he could afford to be by turns—pompous, patronizing, and literary. He never dreamt of being either just or generous to the poor boy, who was, in brain and heart so much his superior—*his* superior? that was little. The Bristol boy's superiors were such men as Johnson and Goldsmith.

* Wilson's Chatterton, p. 71.

Chatterton, day after day, went to Barrett—

"Of History dubbed the quack."*

and appealed to him in the quiet of his study for literary recognition; but he wrote, spoke, and looked in vain,—give! give! was all he got for answer from Barrett. Barrett saw a charity boy whom he could turn round his fingers to suit his purposes, and in his blind selfishness, including the saving of his pocket, declared that Chatterton was but the discoverer of the MSS. or the forger of them. Such was Barrett from the beginning to the end. Just before Chatterton cut the moorings of mortality, he sent Barrett his manuscript of "The Excellente Ballad of Charite" as a propitiary gift. He took it as usual. He of course (but he was perhaps half justified) refused to recommend its author as a surgeon's mate. But he accompanied that refusal with no word of encouragement,—no coin. Like the rest of the world, he gave Chatterton for answer the everlasting "No," though

* Thistlethwaite's Satires: James Thistlethwaite was a companion of Chatterton's at Colston school. Wilson's Chatterton, p. 100, &c.

he knew that the boy had ere then, in his misery, contemplated suicide.

Lambert the narrow minded attorney—Horace Walpole, the self complacent antiquarian, with his sinecure thousands,*—Dodsley and Hamilton, the publishers—were to Chatterton varied forms of "No;" just as the London baker's wife, who, by refusing on 22nd August, 1770, "to let him have another loaf till he had paid her 3s. 6d., which he owed her previously" †—unconsciously proved herself to be the youngest, but, as events proved, the most mischievous member of the "No" family. Within forty-eight hours after she refused his request (listen ye who are luxury bred) for a pound? a shilling?—none of these things,—only one loaf of bread, Chatterton's spirit made its appeal to God. Within these forty-eight hours he had been to Crosse's shop, bought and paid—*paid*, mark you!—for "some arsenic for an experiment;" ‡ returned home to Mrs. Angell's at night,

* Wilson's Chatterton, p. 183-4.

† Masson's Essays, p. 320.

‡ Masson's Essays, p. 322.

"pale and dejected, not to eat, "but to sit by the fire with his chin on his knees, muttering rhymes in some old language to her," to get up, to go to bed, and kiss her before he went—a thing he had never done before—to stamp slowly up the stairs to his garret, and lock the door after him, and then to make "the experiment"—of death!

Twelve days before, Chatterton penned his last letter to George Catcott, in which he wrote—"Heaven send you the comforts of christianity! I request them not; for I am no christian." Long before he wrote these words he had contemplated suicide. His "Will"—in which sincerity and sarcasm unite—shews that he had latent leanings to suicide as a last resort. On the eve of committing it, he makes the terrible declaration—"I am no christian!" Many distinguished men have died hard. Otway was choked by a crust of bread; Savage died in jail, a prisoner for debt. But here is a boy dying by his own hand and making the declaration—"I am no christian!" I have handled the letter containing these words, and scanned the neat school-boy-like

hand in which it is penned; I have read and re-read it to the last words:—"Direct to me at Mrs. Angell's, Sack Maker, Brooke Streete, Holborn;" and I have as often wished that he had obliterated these four words. Oh that he had written as Burns did in his "Prayer in the Prospect of Death":—

> "Where human weakness has come short,
> Or frailty stept aside,
> Do Thou, All Good—for such Thou art,—
> In shades of darkness hide.
>
> Where with intention I have err'd
> No other plea I have,
> But Thou art good; and goodness still
> Delighteth to forgive."—

Oh that he had written, as saintly Kirke White did when he laid himself down to rest, that "Prayer" in which faith, hope, lowliness blend.—Would that Chatterton had but written its conclusion, which says —"And now, O blessed Redeemer! my rock, my hope and only sure defence, to Thee do I cheerfully commit both my soul and my body . . . . . Whether I awake here or in eternity, grant that my

trust in Thee may remain sure, and my hope unshaken."

True, Chatterton wrote his "Hymn for Christmas Day," "Resignation," and other poems the spirit and letter of which breath pure religion; but I fear he wrote them—like Byron in his "Prayer of Nature"—rather in pride of intellect than in depth of christian belief. At all events, Chatterton's faith had vanished when he called in arsenic as arbiter between the ills of life. As I run over the career of the little blue-coat boy; as I think of his genius, struggles, hopes, home sympathies, I would like to believe that he did not go to the unseen faithless. Stop!—what is this? It is a small piece of paper in Chatterton's hand writing, lying on his garret floor, which says—"I leave my soul to its Maker." It says more, but I care not for that,—let us cling to these words as an evidence that Chatterton's last moments were not faithless but believing.

I will not drag you through the details of Chatterton's London life, which extended from 25th April, to 24th August, 1770; I will not harrow your hearts by telling about how he wrote in high hope—"Bravo,

hey boys, up we go!"—how, when every thing promised success, Lord Mayor Beckford died,—how Chatterton was left friendless, after he had swung himself, for a moment, into the saddle of success,—how, though he knew Beckford's death was his ruin, he tried to turn the laugh on calamity by making out his famous debit and credit account with life and death, bringing out this balance in his favour—"Am glad he is dead by £3 13s. 6d." I will not ask you to enter that garret where the body is lying lifeless on the bed, nor point to that bottle of arsenic and water and the floor littered with torn papers. I will not ask you to follow that "shell," in which they are carrying the remains of the widow's only son to the pauper's "common pit" in the burial ground of Shoe Lane Workhouse. Nor need we speculate whether the body was raised, whether the widow saw her darling once more, or whether he was laid, 'mid midnight murk, in the churchyard beside which his childhood had been spent and his genius first burst forth. I will rather close with a few general remarks.

First. The boy's moral character has been assailed

on the strength of inuendo, not proof. Some of his writings—such as his "Journal," and other pieces—have been pressed into service as evidence of his immorality. But this was the result of his far-reaching imagination, not his libertine experience. When a clerk in Lambert's office, and a boarder in in his house, he was never but once known to exceed his hour for turning in; his sister, Mrs. Newton, tells us that he came frequently to his mother's house in the evenings, and spent hours there. Besides, where was the money to come from to support his alleged vicious habits? he had none in Bristol. When he got five guineas for his musical burletta "Revenge," per receipt dated 6th, July, 1770,—did he spend them in vice? Two days afterwards we have his letter to his "Dear Mother," saying that he had sent in a box—six cups and saucers, with two basins for his sister, and offering to send "a china teapot and cream-pot" if "necessary." Moreover, he sent "two fans," "some British herb tobacco for my Grandmother, and some trifles for home. After doing all this, his balance would not stand vice, especially as he had his bed,

board, and clothing to pay for. I believe Chatterton wrote the truth when he told Barrett—"I keep no worse company than myself."

By way of return for what Chatterton brought him, this same Barrett, in his "History,"* speaks of the "bad company and principles Chatterton had adopted." Circumstances induced the "principles;" we have no evidence of the "bad company."

Second. As to his religious errors, these I conceive to be the only points where he cannot be defended. His "Articles of Belief" were more or less avowed by men of his own and subsequent times; we say subsequent times, and give as our reason for referring to them, such books as "Essays and Reviews" and "Renan's Life of Jesus." In Chatterton's time the stage was believed to be a good school of morality by many famous men of the eighteenth century. Without speaking of such men as Jupiter Carlyle, many of these men led lives compared with which Chatterton's was spotless. If we were to dig up the

* Barrett's History, p. 646.

scenes which occurred behind the curtain in great men's lives, as Professor Masson has dug up, one "dingy piece of letter paper" *—containing writing of which he can make nothing but conjecture, many of the men whom the world calls "great" would be found to be anything but good; in fact they might be found to be, as a wit once said about King David, "not fit to receive Church privilege."

Chatterton's religious creed was the result of disappointed hopes, over which the frosts of fate and fact had passed. If the errors of that creed cannot be forgiven, they ought to be forgotten;—when we read his "Hymn on the last Epiphany," or "Christ coming to Judgment," written when not ten years old, his "Hymn for Christmas day," written when not eleven years old, and his "Hymn on Resignation." A Creed! an ordinary boy of Chatterton's years at the time he wrote these poems, rather troubles himself about a standing-up shirt collar, or cricket, than a creed. If he does trouble himself about a creed, it is chiefly on

* Masson's Essays, p. 230.

Sundays, and, like too many around him, he takes it all for granted.

People, especially prejudiced people, are ready to take Wilkes and Churchill as the greatest sinners of their time, while they were only sample sinners of the period ;—the fact is, there were crowds of such men, whose talents lay in concealing their vices. Wilkes and Churchill were dunces in that department, yet they made up for it in argument, eloquence, wit—not in hypocrisy.

Third. Chatterton's treatment after death, by writers, has been, on the whole, bad ; Dean Mills, Chalmers, Walpole (influenced by pride and anger), Dr. Maitland, have amongst others, done their best to make him a forger and everything that is evil. Professor Masson's Essay has, we think, negatived by inference, what it could not deny in fact. I find in that Essay Chatterton characterised as "of a dogged, sullen, and passionate disposition, not without a considerable spice of malice."* I find him called on in an imagi-

* Masson's Essay, p. 194 *et seq.*

nary speech "to give up telling lies." Then, I find him called an "obstinate boy," a "poor posthumous child;" again I find Chatterton compared with a poor idiot named John McBey, which, we are told, "illustrates much." It does not seem to me to illustrate Professor Masson's critical acumen. Moreover, I find him called the "miserable boy," because, with starvation staring him in the face, he wrote that he "is a poor author, who cannot write on both sides." Query.—If Professor Masson or Horace Walpole had been in Chatterton's place, would they, when writing for the Whigs failed, have lain down and died with "Wilkes and Liberty" on their lips, rather than write for the Tories, so as to support their political consistency? At p. 294 of Professor Masson's Essays we find some speculation (of which there is much throughout) as to what might have been the consequence of Chatterton trying the London public with a bit of his "Ælla." Says the Professor—"Who can tell? On the one hand, by refraining from it, he moved on to a fate sad enough; on the other, he might have lived on a hardened literary liar." The

significance of the "ON" here is meant to imply that Chatterton had been and was "a literary liar."

But I have done with "the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart"—who try to bark down the fame of the poor orphan boy, who was kind, generous and affectionate, and who hurt no living being. I can turn to Johnson, who said of him—"This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge;"—to Wharton, Malone, Scott, Campbell, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge,—in fine, I can turn with confidence to the verdict of the future. McPherson's Ossian, Ireland's Shakespearian MSS., you may call forgeries if you like, and their authors forgers. Like most forgers, they were found out. But Chatterton's works and name do not stand in that category; if anything is to be found out about them it is their beauty, not their defect. While they stand high in the poetry of the eighteenth century, they carry you back—without borrowing—to the days of Chaucer and Spenser. Chatterton's name shall last as long as print, as long as genius can awaken admiration, or misfortunes draw a tear. If

you desire to see a pack of hearsay-hunters in full cry, look at Chatterton's adverse critics. I believe the majority of them were unfit to compose anything so good as his weakest line. As to their being fit to compose any of his best, no opinion is needed. His "Ode to Liberty" laughs them to scorn.

I do not plead his case on youth, misfortune, suffering, sorrow. I do not plead that from the beginning to the end of his brief carreer he "fell among thieves,"—persons who could understand his genius no farther than to appropriate it to themselves. I do not plead that no Good Samaritan came across him to help him on his way,—I do not beg the question for the boy; were he here he would not thank me for it. I claim a verdict for Thomas Chatterton on his own independent merits. Put away preconceived prejudice, snarling rumour, twisted inference, and you will—must—give a verdict in his favour, confirmed by justice and judgment, and hallowed by truth!

One word more! Men of Britain, but more especially men of Bristol, why have you allowed a century

to elapse since the death of the boy-poet without erecting his monument in the way and in the situation he directed? Bind up your loins to the work—do it quietly, do it humbly,—quietly, because you should have done it long ere now,—humbly, because you owe him a debt of gratitude which you can never repay. What would Bristol be,—what would even the stately dome of St. Mary Redcliffe be without him? They would be worse than Hamlet without the Prince. Men of Bristol, pride yourselves not on your commerce, your shipping, your varied ways of making money. When the memory of these things will have passed away, Chatterton's works will remain, and you will not be held blameless if you do not render his memory that tribute (tardy though it be) which his works, if not his fate, deserve. These are not the words of an enthusiast, but the words of a humble lover of justice.

A STEEPLE CHASE.

"By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food,
Toil strung the nerves, and purifi'd the blood;
But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made His work for man to mend."

Dryden.

ABOUT five miles from Bristol, on the Bath road, lies the village of Keynsham.

One March day I started with some twenty more in a four-horse open brake to this ancient village, in the neighbourhood of which the Bristol and East Somerset Steeple Chases were to come off.

My companions were of all ages: the fop with a camelia in his button hole, tight breeches, narrow brimmed hat, lavender gloves, and field glass slung over his back; the business man and his "missus,"

sandwiches, and beer; the betting man with notes of the coming events, and winners (the latter to be) in hand, making up "a book," by all the varied turf wiles—jocular, jeering, careless, outwardly honest.

The conversation was sporting and prandial intermixed; the various favourites were talked of, and enquiries were put now and then as to what sort of "grub" the "Lamb and Lark" afforded.

The road between Keynsham and Bristol is beautiful. By the time you get to the cemetry gates at Arno's-Vale, the smoke and din of the city give place to a clear sky, parks, trees, and the lesser tracery of Nature, from a fern to a violet. As you get on, new villas dot the route; now and then the arched gateway, with its antique carving and quaint lodge, half hid in moss and ivy, are to be seen, with avenues of trees, which, though but early spring, are beginning to cast shadow and glint over the gravel pathway. Sometimes a glimpse is got of the old mansion; but more frequently the sheep and lambs scattered over the lawn are to be seen. This is the country. To see the town look at the roads.

Conveyances, from the carriage to the donkey-cart, ply to the turf; wheel-of-fortune men, ballad singers, blind, halt, maimed, travelling showmen with learned monkeys, mice, dogs, and revolving panoramas depicting the last sensational murder, exhibit by the way. Everybody is sober and in good humour. The "Lamb and the Lark,"—a large old fashioned hostelry, from the windows of which issue flags, banners, talk, and tobacco smoke, stands at the top of a hill. The waiters tempt with sandwiches and gin, but the desire to see the sport prevails, and bargaining for provender and stable room for our cattle, we got nearly opposite to the rickety grand stand. The recent heavy rains made the turf soft, and ere the day was done, up to the ankles in mud was the penalty of leaving the brake.

The turf was so heavy that most of the "events" had little interest, unless indeed when a horse made a false leap, or threw its jockey. But, the surroundings were humourous. Here you might see fellows with tattered clothes and telegraph tongues, calling upon the crowd to have a stroke at Aunt Sally;—a little

way off a short Jew-looking man, with the peculiarities of the Hebrew accent, stood on a chair playing cabalistic tricks with cards, and offering purses containing from a shilling up to two shillings for sixpence, which, when "sold again" were found to contain a penny.

Farther on stood some booths and caravans, of course painted yellow, with time-honoured canvas pictures in front, representing the wonders to be seen inside for one penny, or at most twopence. Among them were to be seen a bearded lady, a three-legged gentleman, an alligator all alive, and, to meet the taste of fancy men, two fellows put on the gloves every half-hour, and had a friendly set-to before an audience of gentlemen, butchers, boys, and Dundreary-looking dandies. I must say these two fighting-men were calculated to disgust anybody with either eyes or feelings. Their bare chests, rolling pin arms, huge hands, suggested ruffianism, which had confirmation, when you looked at their short cropped heads, narrow foreheads, bull dog necks, and small bleared eyes sunk into sockets round which twinkled obvious

rascality. Every now and then a pair of cymbals were struck to attract a crowd; then the two scions of the "noble art" bawled out together about the combat which was about to take place inside; an extempore "round" or two was given as a specimen, and finally "walk up gemmen,—be in time,—only two-pence each!" was called out until the booth was filled. Boxing in any shape is brutal, not only as regards those who engage in it, but as regards those who witness it. From the fight for the Championship down to the canvas booth, the mind of the spectators must become more or less brutalized; ordinary—not to speak of fine—feeling is debased. The travelling show stands everywhere higher. I confess that I never see the yellow caravans pulled as they are by hack horses from town to town, without thinking of schoolboy's days when two-pence was wealth, and six-pence was a fortune, and a sight of the dwarf, the giant, the fat boy, or the horse of knowledge supreme enjoyment. I appeal to you, my reader,—was there not a time in your life when you looked upon the showman, who told in grandiloquent tones of the wonders to

be seen inside, as a great man; nay—did you not half envy the man with the red purfiled face who played the reed and the drum as he walked up and down the narrow stage? Life was new to you then; everything pleased, care was unknown. What though you are grown rich since? Your awe was awakened at seeing the "Judgment of Solomon" or "Androcles and the Lion;" what though you have a carriage which rolls you from your country mansion into the city where men bow and beck to you, and shake you *so* warmly by the hand; I doubt if you are at heart as happy, as honest to and with yourself as when you stood in the little puppet-show, and laughed at Punch and Judy, or Whittington and his Cat. Ah! you had a kind father, a fond mother, dear brothers and sisters to run home to then, who clustered round and listened to your descriptions of the show as if you had been an oracle. Where are these listeners now?—Mayhap spread far and wide; or you have had a quarrel about the thing called money; or they are sleeping in the churchyard and you are left to do battle with the world. But I must stop, for the travelling show is a text

from which you can give almost any length of a sermon.

To return to the steeple-chase. As the afternoon wore on the sun shone out, and, the main events being over, our party turned their faces homewards. The road was thick with conveyances once more, but their drivers were, with few exceptions, elevated and uproarious. At every little public house machines were pulled up in dozens, and gin, beer, and ale was the cry. Our driver was steady, and he required to be, for every now and then we came on carts and barrows upset,—here a fight,—there a mob jeering at a street preacher. Once or twice we came to a dead lock in a narrow lane, and once we stopt by common consent and had refreshments handed up. In all the crowd I saw only one drunken man; but he had the misfortune to be on horseback, and his case was at once ridiculous and painful. Darkness was drawing on as the light of line after line of lamps came one after another upon us. The old fashioned brick houses, smoking chimney stacks, the dirty narrow lanes announced the outskirts of Bristol. One after another dropt off at the point nearest his home, and when we got to the

Exchange, I found the 'bus ready to take me up to my domicile at Clifton, where I found three things awaiting me,—a welcome from the heart, a good tea-dinner, and a perfumed note inviting me some three weeks in advance, to an evening party, which, from the programme enclosed, was to include private theatricals.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE BIRTH PLACE.

"Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see,
That where he died in vain do try.
Useless the search, for all immortal, he
And those who are immortal, never die."

Washington Irving.

IN something more than an hour's ride by rail from Birmingham, you come to an unpretending station. You do not weary on the way,—the smoke of Birmingham is scarcely cleared when the train is passing through fertile fields and pasture lands, wooded clumps of ash, hawthorn, and poplar, and over streams and brooks. As you enter the station, the Railway Porters are calling out the name of the place famous all over the world—Stratford-on-Avon.

As the stranger walks slowly towards Stratford, everything proclaims the country. Well trimmed hedges, level parks, dotted over with sheep and cattle, wayside flowers are found here, and when you get to the top of a height, a church-spire rises among the trees in the distance, which catches and keeps the eye; it has not the grandeur of a cathedral, but it wears a look of primitive and perpetual peace, which one likes to associate with the Village Church. Shakespeare's dust lies there.

A minute or two brings you into the outskirts of the town, made up of old-fashioned looking houses with small latticed windows, over which roses are trained; or pots stand in the sills containing flowers, which, in Scotland, are generally seen in a hot-house. The centre of the town is what is known as the Market Hall. A long wide street faces you, Bridge Street, where is the "Red Horse," including Washington Irving's parlour, with his veritable writing hanging from the wall, and the worn hair-cloth chair on which he sat, as the brass plate depones. High Street is to the right. Striking off the Market Hall,

there is a side street market "Henley Street." Half way down, a quaint old house stands on the right. Thick beams of wood intersect its walls; three high pointed gables front the street, and the cottage-like windows, save one, are broad and flat with the building, with small panes of intersected glass protected by wire. A sort of awning or porch projects above the door, and extends over a portion of the house. The custodier answers the bell, and you stand in the house where men have agreed Shakespeare was born.

The apartment before you is what is believed to have been the kitchen. Massive beams and cross beams of timber support its walls and roof, and throw their dark shadows down on the flag floor. A transverse beam, suggestive of strength and age, runs across a wide fireplace which recedes so far that it must have been easy to get round and round the fire. There, doubtless, sat Mary Arden and John Shakespeare; in that chimney-corner their children, William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, Edmund, would often cluster; their laughter and prattle would make many a winter

night pass swiftly away. But like most things written about Shakespeare, this is pure speculation. It seems odd that so few facts are known of his every-day life; but we have nothing to complain of, for his works have, so far as we know, come down entire. A carved "dresser" and a couple of high-backed chairs stand in this apartment, but, though old, it is obvious they were not in Shakespeare's time.

Notice that steep stair which winds out of sight to an apartment above. Think as you go up those broad wooden steps which creak under your tread, that you are going to the room where the first thinker (after the apostles and one or two of the prophets) the world ever saw, was born,—a thinker possessing the fervour and the imagery of Isaiah, coupled with the poetry and the pathos, if not the piety, of Job,—a thinker who has first delineated each phase of life, in lump, and then anatomized each separate artery of action, thought, feeling, and dissected death with a knife of knowledge so keen that little more than THE secret of hereafter is hidden. But to the apartment.

When we get to the top of the stair, it is entered by a somewhat narrow door, and abundance of light comes through the casemented window to shew the room. It is large and wide, and the fire place is ample ;—at regular intervals wooden beams are built into walls of great thickness. Cross beams or joists support the roof, which, considering the time of building, is not low. John Shakespeare as you are aware, married an heiress, and became Mayor of Stratford.

The room was not unworthy of such an owner, as it must have been superior to most in his time. Here then was William Shakespeare born, not I should say many days previous to 26th April, 1564, for though the Stratford Register of Births is dumb, the Register of Baptisms bears an entry which speaks truth,—

"1564,

April 26.

Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakespeare."

Look round the room. Famous names cover every spot of walls and ceiling, though crusty Mrs. Hornby is said to have obliterated the older ones with her whiting brush, some fifty years ago. Names are to

be found of the greatest modern mark. Here, W. M. Thackeray, Charles Kean, Dickens, there, Helen Faucit, Madame Vestris, Mark Lemon. The name of Alfred Tennyson is here, who seems to have got Hobson's Choice of a place for his autograph,—it is near the door.* Near the door? With reference to poetical merit, have the stone walls taken to awarding poetical place? The incomprehensible, mystical, third heaven Poet Laureate near the door! Fie, where is your whiting brush, Mary Hornby?—honor to whom honor is due.†

The window of the room, believed to be the original one, is literally frosted with signatures, one of the most legible being "W. Scott," executed with a diamond.

The names on the walls are a confused mass, but to see some distinctly, one must call on Mrs. James,

* A Shakespeare Memorial, p. 16.

† Sometime after Mr. Tennyson's "blowing and roaring, roaring and blowing" ode appeared, his "Victim" followed. Ladies are said to be lovers of Tennyson, but not it would seem without exception. In conversation with a lady just after the appearance of the "Victim," I asked her her opinion of it, and she answered—"Well, after I read it, I thought I was the victim."

Mrs. Hornby's granddaughter. Here I examined at leisure the original Visitor's Book, begun in 1812. Under date 6th September, 1813, I found the signature of "Mrs. Opie;" June 9th, 1814, "Johanna Baillie" and "Agnes Baillie;" 1815, July 27th, "Washington Irving;" and, in October same year, "Arthur, Duke of Wellington," and "William, Duke of Clarence;" on August 15th, 1816, I came on "W. Scott;" and on August 22nd, "Duke of Orleans" (Louis Phillipe). "Byron" follows, and "James Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd," and again in 1819, "Maria Edgeworth." These are some of the most celebrated names in the book. Ah! I forgot two "1815, Aug. 17th, George P.R.," and immediately below—"Col. Mc.Mahon." Perhaps George P.R. was tired of Waterloo and Wellington, fetes, bonfires, addresses, illuminations, and thought he could not do better than go down to see the quiet little country town where this man Shakespeare was born, in company with his amiable friend and man of all work, Col. Mc.Mahon—Sir John to be!

Leaving the birth room, I went into an adjoining

apartment of less size, where, in a case made from the surplus wood of Shakespeare's house, the likeness of the Poet known as the Stratford Portrait is seen. The portrait and case are enclosed in a folding safe and opened and shut at certain hours daily. It was the gift of William Oakes Hunt, the present worthy Town Clerk of Stratford, and is an object of the greatest interest. I wish I had space to tell you more about it, or to narrate how a certain enthusiastic, if not a wise, man fell down on his knees when he first saw it.

In the adjoining house to Shakespeare's, and only inferior in interest is the museum.

Here may be seen a fragment of the first edition —the famous Folio of 1623, edited by John Hemmynge and Henry Condell, seven years after Shakespeare's death. Then here is "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, Published according to the true originall copies. The second impression. London. Printed by Thomas Coates for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop at the sign of the Black Beare in Paul's Church-yard, 1632."

Here also is the third impression of 1664, and the fourth of 1685, all folio.

These folios are worth turning over, and the Droeshout plate of Shakespeare with Ben Jonson's lines below, "To the Reader," and initialed "B.I.," makes you realize Shakespeare's physique in a way which no other picture can.—Here is the man with his high, broad, bald forehead, moustached upper lip, thoughtful eye.—The whole face expresses thought but not care; if wrinkles are scriveners to mental straining there is none,—you see a man at ease, peace, quiet. As I again and again took up that precious folio, and looked at the portrait and turned over the leaves, lip-full with lessons for all men, I thought that Ben's compliment to "Martin Droeshout, Sculpsit, London," was not overdrawn when he said—

> "The figure that thou here seest put
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
> Wherein the Graver had a strife
> With nature to out-do the life."

No doubt the accessories of the broad collar, half oval in front, and rounded behind, and the richly

trimmed doublet, help the picture, but there is an individuality in the face which arrests attention and secures belief almost as strongly as in the case of the monumental bust.

We know that most of Shakespeare's plays were published separately, and that the majority of the rare quarto editions are in the British Museum. But I had the pleasure of examining a quarto edition of the "Merchant," printed 16 years ere its author died. Here is what the title-page says—"The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh and the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600."

Rich and rare things are in this museum, but I have not left myself space to enumerate or comment farther. All who can should go and judge for themselves. Let them not omit to look at the letter addressed to Shakespeare by Richard Quiney, asking for a loan of £30. It is "the only letter ad-

dressed to Shakespeare known to exist;"* look at the initial gold seal ring said to be Shakespeare's, and which Mr. Halliwell has little doubt about;—at Gilbert Shakespeare's autograph attached to a deed of 1609;—at the autographs of William and Johnnie Combe; at the tall glass jug, said to have been Shakespeare's, out of which Garrick sipped wine at the Jubilee in 1769. Let him look at the ribbons and medals struck for that Jubilee; at Garrick's letters to Town Clerk Hunt; at the mulberry tree wood; at the "extremely rare" 12mo edition of Hamlet, dated 1723, and at the magnificent modern folio edition of Shakespeare by J. O. Halliwell.

These are but a few of the things to be seen on this hallowed ground. Days, weeks, months, could be spent there; material for thought, culture, learned leisure, lies on all sides, encased in a shrine which I trust may be found standing while taste, thought, and time continue.

* Catalogue of the Shakespeare Museum, privately printed for the Shakespeare fund, p. 33. Halliwell's Life of Shakespeare, pp. 178, 179.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.

" The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild ;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain !
When morning's twilight tinctured beam,
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad "————.

Warton.

ONCE upon a time there lived one Richard Hathaway, a yeoman of good account, at the hamlet of Shottery, about a mile from Stratford. But it was before 1582, for in that year he died, and left behind him a family, including Anne Hathaway, who became in the end of that same 1582, "Anne Shakespeare, wyfe unto William Shakespeare."

The cottage where she was born and lived is one of the links of Shakespeare's life, and, therefore,

famous. Permit me to give a sketch of what it is like.

There is no lovelier walk in Warwickshire than from Stratford to Shottery. Striking off the high road near the Railway Station, the visitor finds himself pursuing a rustic path through fields where the sounds are confined to the ploughboy's whistle, the song of birds, or the bleating of sheep. Wild flowers in every variety grow thick by the pathway, and children start out from beneath hawthorn hedges and offer you nosegays for nothing if you will, but for something if you please. The children are clean and well-bred, a salute or a curtsey being the introduction in every case; they ask nothing for their wayside flower, but the smile with which they give it commands sixpence at the least. Always secure a child's smile when you can, because you can trust IT; but beware of the smiles of Belgravia; of the people who drive in carriages, and dine with, and visit each other, and criticise each other behind backs. A child's smile means what it shows, and is the expression of a happy heart. Belgravia, with few

exceptions, is a simulacrum,—its smile is that of a hollow heart.

The wood of Warwickshire is a sight of itself. Oaks, elms, "*hash*," pine, poplar, centuries old, are so common that, unless of extra size, they are not marked as anything extraordinary. In the walk to Shottery, the poplars are abundant, and the elm and oak come in here and there and preach a sermon to the passer-by; the lark leads the psalmody of praise to Him who creates and sustains all things. This is no fancy picture. I saw it in early spring, and again in all the glory of a June day, and I confess I cannot do the landscape half the justice it deserves; every stile I got over brought me to something new,—something to awaken thought, to publish purity and peace, to instil quiet into the soul.

There is no more secluded and primitive hamlet than Shottery. Most of the houses are thatched; pretty gardens are numerous, with beehives behind. Plenty of little folks point out the cottage which stands in a lane by itself. It is a long timber-framed thatched building, with flat latticed windows set in

deep gables. Creeping plants run over its front; and many of the flowers mentioned in Shakespeare are growing in wild luxuriance in the garden before the door, as well as in the apple orchard behind. The house is divided into three; but, in the days of the Hathaways, it was all one tenement. The centre door, which is reached by a few rough stone steps, leads to the chief rooms which must have been occupied by Anne and her parents.

When you lift the latch, which is curious and cumbrous, you are in a passage which leads to the room used as the kitchen, the roof of which is low, the beams overhead immense, the floor flagged. By the fireside stands a high-backed chair or settle, which is called, by way of courtesy (for it never saw Anne and William) Shakespeare's Courting Chair. It is old, and is worth looking at because it stands in the place it does, but to say that it saw Shakespeare's days is romance.

The fireplace is both wide and deep, and the light streams down the chimney in an uninterrupted current, for the sky can be seen when you stand on the hearth.

On the left side of this spacious chimney a grated bacon cupboard stands, bearing initials of certain of the Hathaway family, and the date 1697. A little way up the chimney two beams support an apparatus upon which to hang kettles and pots; these beams, are, I should say, about two feet thick. An ancient table, said to have been in the Hathaway family, stands beside the window.

Going up a narrow and steep staircase, you get into a room of some size, where tradition says Anne Hathaway was born. The view from it is beautiful. Immediately below is the apple orchard in full bearing, with a lilac or a hawthorn here and there; beyond, glimpses of glade, meadow, and brook are caught The last day I was in that room the sun was 90°, the clouds had got the play, and were off for a holiday,—not one was to be seen; peace rested over all, and silence had little more to contend with than the bee or brook.

In this room stands a large oak bedstead, covered with carving in scrolls and figures of the Elizabethan period. It is an heir loom of the Hathaway family.

When its members were born, this bed was used; when they died they were laid out upon it. The good woman who keeps the house took out from a carved oaken napery chest a large linen sheet and pillow-case; they were home spun, entire, though "frush," and white as snow. "These," said she, "have belonged to the Hathaway's for generations,—there are initials of Elizabeth Hathaway." I found "E. H." beautifully embroidered on each side of a broad seam of open sewed work, which ran down the centre of the sheet. There is a pillow-case to match, upon which pierced sewed work of the richest kind is figured.

A cloud came over the woman's face as she folded the relics, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she restored them to the chest. I shall never forget that picture of sorrow within, and sunshine without. I called up, as best I could, the children who had, one after another, been bound apprentice to life in this room. I called up coffins which, one after another, had lain on that bed, and in fancy looked down on the pale dead faces in them which that sheet had

covered. I looked up to my guide to hear her say, "My only son died but a month ago,—he was the last who lay on that bed, and over him the sheet was last laid." When I looked full on the widow's face, I saw resignation triumphing over sadness and tears. I felt silence to be the best balm I could offer, and went down stairs without a word. She followed me and produced the Visitors' book with royal, literary, and unknown names in it, but I came away as soon as I could. The widow followed me to the door, and gave me a drink of spring water from an old well in front of the house. She took with reluctance the little present I offered her, and gave me a wild flower or two in return. I bade her good-bye as cheerfully as I could, and, as I shut the little wicket gate, I turned to wave my hand to her, but she was gone.

If I do not say more of Anne Hathaway, you can read about her any day, and fill up the blanks. I have been insensibly led to tell you about the widow and her son.

A little way from the cottage, I came upon one of the most old-fashioned hostelries which antiquarian could

wish to see. It was two stories high, with windows so small that you could measure them by inches rather than feet. The overhanging thatched roof swarmed with swallows, who kept up a twittering concert without intermission. From above the door a large signboard swung back and forward, on which, after a time, you recognise what was meant for the face of Shakespeare, but it had not seen paint for ages; indeed, the signboard creaked so much that I felt that those who stood below it might soon have heads to mend. Outside the door stood a broad wooden table, cut here and there with initials and grotesque faces, and a long high backed bench offered a welcome rest. Glasses and pipes lay about, much as we see in some of Ostade's pictures. A few rustics, a travelling showman, and a longbeard bottle or two were all that were required to realise the hostelry which, in days of old, was to be seen in England.

My tumbler of lemonade was faultless, and the curious faces cut out on the settle kept me in—or rather brought me back to—good humour. Some of

these were so quaint that my mind reverted to the carvings to be seen on miserere seats in Cathedrals. But I soon remembered how absurd the comparison was. All the world to nothing, this was not a miserere,—it was a *sedelia felix*, and if the men who sat on it had not learning and lawn, they had liberty and light hearts, and a skittle ground behind which Rip Van Winkle might have envied.

CHARLECOTE.

The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream."

Felicia Hemans.

IN the year 1558, when Queen Bess ascended the throne, the Mansion of Charlecote began to rise by command of the lord of the manor, Sir Thomas Lucy.*

One beautiful April morning I crossed the Avon by Clopton's Bridge, and drove along the road leading to Alveston Village. On the left I had the Avon, fringed by willows, (the trunks of which were two

* Shakespeare, a Biography, by Charles Knight, p. 208.

or three feet thick,) most of the way. The road is as level as a lawn; high hedges are the fence on each side; the white flourish of the black sloe intermingles with the green hawthorn yet to bud. Here and there toll gates make you stand and deliver; balmy air, rustic cottages, pleasant faces, country churches, towering poplars, which seem to act as village sentinels, draw you on. Long ere Alveston is reached its church rises to view, the spire of which looks down on the trees which conceal the main building. Alveston village is a picture of peace and plenty; and knots of villagers give the stranger a salute of welcome. Turning to the left, a shaded road lies before you where the sun has some trouble to shine on at noon. An avenue of trees makes a twilight which lends a softness to the landscape; by and by day breaks, and you find yourself in the village of Hampton Lucy, with its old church and quaint dwellings. If you go up to the sanctuary through that winding wooded path, the chancel window, illustrating the life of St. Peter from his call to his death, will please you; so will a full length figure

of the saint—key in hand—which forms the centre pane. The carving on the communion table, choir, stalls, and organ, will also please, but whether two tall brazen candlesticks standing on the communion table, in which are candles of Roman length, will please, I don't know. The reason for the tapers being there may be similar to that which was assigned to me in one of the grandest churches in Oxford,—"What is the use of those candles?" I enquired of the Sexton. "They are for ornament," said he, and after a pause added, "They are for ornament—*in the meantime*." Without calling up the seer who told Lochiel about the shadows of coming events, I say in plain English, it seems to be expected that time will work wonders for tallow!

A few minutes brings the visitor round to the gate of Charlecote Park. A noble domain stretches out before the eye, fenced with rough palings joined into each other by wooden pins. Like everything around, the fence is old and uncommon,—it does not contain a single nail.

Whether from the gate or the avenue, the mansion

has a patrician look. The two towers, with their gilt minarets, which support its arched entrance-gate, the bay windows charged with the family crest and antique tracery, the court-yard, gardens, vases, vineries, tell the stranger he stands before a manor-place of the olden time. The park in front is dotted over with deer, clustered in clumps beneath knarled oaks and wide spreading elms, or they browse in herds beside the lake in the hollow.

One set of authors insist, and another deny that Shakespeare hunted the Charlecote deer; that Sir Thomas was wroth, and had the young man brought before him in his hall; and they also deny that the young man had to abscond from Stratford to London for fear of the tread-mill. From all we know of Shakespeare's sensitive nature, he did not sever the Stratford ties for nothing. Yet, on all the evidence, circumstantial if not actual, I go in for the affirmative of the deer tradition,—not only because this flight to London was the outward means of securing to the world the most valuable literary legacy it ever got, but because I like to believe that Shakespeare could

descend to the ways and waywardness of youth as well as ascend to hitherto unknown peaks of mental power. Nay, I submit that the freedom of his outward, made him attain higher perfection in his inner life; he could not be always the poet any more than he could be always the poacher. Ambition and enthusiasm may be said, in ordinary cases, to be the fuel of fame, but—as his latter days shewed,—Shakespeare's desires were embraced in his native Stratford. He had no vulgar ambition, no yearning to advertise his superiority. The crowd have kept crying, "Know all men, by these presents, that a second Solomon is here!" Shakespeare copied out, as it were, what was on the tablets of mind, and never made an effort to gather it together. I say copied out, for tradition declares that his manuscripts bore few alterations,—in fact, were clean copies. Aubrey is silent on the deer story, but the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and "As you Like It," seem to confirm it. At all events, let us take as much romance out of life as possible, and believe that many a moonlight night found the bard in pursuit of the deer, cross-bow or matchlock in

hand, on the sward of Fullbrooke Park or in the thickets of Charlecote.

As you go down the lime tree avenue towards the mansion, the deer are everywhere in dozens; they look up long enough to show their antlers, but they have no fear,—they seem to know that they are on their own ground, that law as well as liberty is on their side. Just before reaching the entrance archway, the Avon breaks upon the view in a hollow to the left. I stood and looked down upon the scene, but the stream flowed so gently that it seemed more like a picture than a reality. The silver sheet was asleep, tower and tree, lily and fern, deer and dell, were reflected without a ripple to break the day-dream. If silence be an element in the spirit of poetry, this is the place to inhale it, for, beyond the stated chime of the castle clock, few sounds fall upon the ear.

About the interior I am not going to speak,—the paintings, the porcelain, the marbles brought from Fonthill Abbey, the Etruscan vases, the Florentine caskets, or the oak panelling. Neither do I intend

detaining you looking at the ebony sofas, cabinets, and chairs, though they be those which Queen Elizabeth presented to her favourite Earl when she was over the way at Kenilworth, in the summer of 1575.

Let us enter the great hall. Though my first visit, I was prepared from hearsay for what I saw. I had pictured to myself the Baron's Hall, where the Lord of the Manor had maintained convivial without slackening territorial sway. I had imagined the boar's head borne in on silver trencher, at sound of music, on many a far back Christmas day,—the plum pie, the venison pasty, the spiced wine. I had in fancy listened to the after dinner hunting song by the Master of Charlecote, in the chorus of which each guest joined, from major domo down to the leash hound dependent. I had seen the young men throw down the caudle cup, and waive by the wassail bowl as they cried—

> "A hall, a hall, give room, and foot it girls.
> More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up."

In imagination I had listened to the lively lilt of the minstrels, as each man under sixty led out his lady and joined in the dance till morning broke.

Fancy aside, no nobler apartment can be seen than Charlecote hall as it stands to day, and none have associations more interesting. Both long and wide its walls are adorned with shields and swords, cross-bows, and halberts. Family portraits of ancestor and heir, of dame and damsel, look down on the stranger. That oblong painting above the fire-place of a gentleman with ruffled doublet, and roses in his shoes is not THE Sir Thomas, but his son, and the lady and children who stand beside him are his wife and family, but the genius of gravity seems to have settled down upon them, as they appear to have resolved when they sat for the painting, never to smile again. The gentleman looks less stiff than his lady, and younger than his children.

On yon pedestal, in a prominent position, stands a life-size bust of the man who, it is said, was once brought before Sir Thomas in this hall, to answer for the high crime and misdemeanour of stalking and stealing his deer. Let us not disturb the story which tallies with likelihood as well as tradition. If we cease to believe that Shakespeere chased the deer

over the Charlcote sward,—that he stood a prisoner in this hall, with no friend at his back, and little in his purse, we obliterate a red letter day in literary annals, and bring down the escapade of the free and easy youth to the level of our own martinet ideas of modern propriety; we do more, we rob this mansion of its living interest, this hall of the literary halo which centuries have sanctioned; we disenchant those parks and ponds, limes and elms, osiers and oaks of the charm which draws the world to walk among them; we bring down the deer to the level of the price they will fetch in the London Market. In this matter-of-fact craving we stand some risk of bringing ourselves down to the level of the man of whom Shakespeare has said :—

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And, it was nothing more."

Let us cease our old maidenish efforts to make Shakespeare "respectable." Let us rather range ourselves on the side of Garrick whose eyes, Boswell tells us, "sparkled with joy" as he sung more than a century since,—at the "Jubilee"—

"Of all she was worth he robbed Nature,
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief,—
Warwickshire thief,
He's the chief;
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief."

Within five minutes' walk of the mansion, the admirer of Shakesperian associations has something more to see without leaving the lawn.

Charlecote Church contains a square space divided off—yet within—the building. Here Shakespeare's Sir Thomas and his wife, Jocosa, lie buried, and their effigies—in the dresses of the time—lie side by side in the attitude of prayer. Their son and successor lies opposite, and his effigy resembles the portrait by Lely of which we have spoken. But, as a work of art, the altar-tomb of a third Sir Thomas bears the palm. The knight, in mailed array, rests on his elbow, and sends out a look of intelligence which appeals to the beholder all the more forcibly that silence reigns. One waits for words, which—though they come not,—are supplied by the feeling that the

sculptor has put life-like function into the marble as far as his art could do it. The recumbent effigy of his lady is beside him, which, for softness of feature, and spirituality of tone, cannot be surpassed. The rounded arm, the braided hair, the embroidered robe, the gossamer lace, throw a vitality into the figure which genius alone can impart. A steady look tells us that Bernini—for he was the artist,—has done his best for—death.

THE BURIAL PLACE.

"I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm Thou art my mother and my sister."—*Job.*

FAME, like certain trees, is at first slow of growth. As he who plants a tree seldom lives to cut it, so the man who makes a never-dying name rarely sees the stamp of admiration with which eighty years, not to speak of after time, impresses it.

On 10th February, 1616, Shakespeare's house at New Place was the scene of rejoicings consequent on his youngest daughter Judith's marriage; on 25th March following, he made his Will "in perfect health and memory," and, on the 23rd April he died, and the 25th saw him buried in the chancel of the Parish Church of Stratford, which has thereby become one of the most famous edifices in the world.

The way to the Church leads past New Place, where, through the vandalism of the Rev. Francis

Gastrell, nothing save a few foundation stones of Shakespeare's house are to be seen. You may walk round the garden if you like, and look at the junior mulberry tree, but nothing except the stones are veritable. The Chapel of the Guild of the Holy Cross, the Town Hall with the Rubiliac statue which Garrick set up, the grammar school, the almshouses, the vicararge, the residence of Miss Wheeler,* whose brother was the historian of Stratford, the street trees, one after another attract attention. The church spire rises to view, and a little way farther down it is lost in foliage. By and by the avenue to the sanctuary breaks upon the stranger to awaken all that is thoughtful or sympathetic in his mind. From the entrance gate nothing more than the sculptured porch is seen; on each side of the broad pavement a line of lime trees grow, the foliage of which overarch it. Whether in early morning, noonday, nightfall, or midnight, the effect of the lime avenue is surpassingly fine. In spring, the churchyard, with its old elms and

* Since the above was written, the venerable lady above mentioned has passed away.

yews, where the rook and starling have their nests, can be seen from the main path, but when summer has brought leaf, branch, and twig into maturity, a few grave stones near the pavement, are all that can be discovered. Above and around, the limes embower the way. A soft light falls on the pavement, now and then brightened by intermittent rays which a breeze has admitted; but, ere long twilight trips up the sun, and shadow descends anew. While the limes stand, twilight will hold its own with closed doors against the sun.

From the first to the last time I walked along the nave on my way to the chancel, I felt impressed with an awe which no other church inspired. The world knows few facts regarding its poet, but one of these few facts is that his dust lies here. Pillar and dome, stalls and tracery, stained window and sculptured niche, came on me, when I had departed, as after thoughts. The one place of interest was close to the altar rails, a pace or two from the north wall of the chancel. The dust of the man who has given deliverances on the circle of human thought in language,

the witchery of which is only excelled by its wisdom, is beneath that flagstone. There can be read the lines which, whoever their author was, have served their purpose, and will serve it, better than any other epitaph extant.

"Good Friend for Iesvs sake forbeare,
To digg the dvst encloased heare :
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

I would like to believe, though I do not, these lines were Shakespeare's, for this reason, that they would afford evidence of self-appreciation on the part of the man himself, while he lived and moved among men; evidence that, looking down the stream of time, he entered the modern mind, beheld the idolatry of dust to dust, and put an everlasting negative on the fallible freaks of men so far as concerned the removal of his remains from the spot which, to him, must have seemed the most fitting in the world. Were they not close to that altar from which, we may suppose, he had beheld the tokens of salvation distributed, and the incense of prayer, if not that of the censer, ascend; did they not

lie on the bank of the stream where from boyhood he had gathered the cowslip and the woodbine, and drawn kingdoms of thought from each cup and petal?

Whether the monumental bust which is elevated some seven or eight feet in the north wall of the chancel is, as Dugdale asserts, the work of Gerard Johnson, the "tomb maker" of Amsterdam, or that of some one else, matters little,—we possess it. Its main claim to authenticity is that it was erected while the poet's widow and daughters were alive, and while his features were familiar not only to the family circle, but to the people for miles round. The momus-like trick of Malone has been so far got over, and although the face of the bust seems small and somewhat battered, height and too high expectation may account for these shortcomings.

I do not pad this paper by referring to Anne Hathaway's grave, which lies beneath her husband's monument in front of the carved doorway, which once led to the charnel house; nor do I speak of the other members of Shakespeare's family who lie here

in line. Far less would I trouble the reader with Johnnie Combe's tomb, or point him to the hand in hand effigies of Judith and Richard Combe, whose love story set forth in the inscription, puts romance out of countenance. The reader will perhaps allow me, however, to lead him to Shakespeare's grave by moonlight.

On a calm evening in the end of April (1869) I wended my steps churchward. Shops were closed, traffic had turned in; the Falcon threw its hall light into the street, while a stray bacchanalian stave came from its interior. Eleven o'clock struck with measured peal from the tower of the Guild Chapel, as I entered the avenue of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and in a minute or two the church officer came, as arranged, keys in hand.

For the last hour the moon had been clouded, and, as we entered the edifice, a misty light rested on its porch, which was calculated to inspire an awe grafted, I fear, as much on superstition as on faith, but as we walked up the nave, shadowy beams of light bore in at the clerestory windows which half revealed the op-

posite walls and windows, and half removed the gloom which curtained the opposite gallery. As my guide threw back the carved gates which lead to the altar steps, the moonbeams began to break through the tinted panes of the great chancel window. The white marble communion table was lit up with fitful streaks of gold, yellow, and blue. I looked to the monument, but the pillars, within which the bust is deeply set, were the most distinct portions of it. By and by, midnight made way for the moon. As that hour approached, a steady, though not a clear light, fell upon the chancel, and the monument was seen, if not in high relief, in shaded detail. My guide opened a square of one of the minor chancel windows, and the waving of the willows outside shewed that a breeze had sprung up, yet, so gentle was its breath that the semi-tones of sound were scarcely heard. The sky became more clear, and the moon threw her light over the chancel so fully that altar and monument stall and tesselated pavement were flooded with light. The bust stood out in its varied colours,—the face and forehead, the scarlet doublet, the black over-

gown, the crimson and green cushion with its gilt tassels were distinct. The crested falcon, the children intabulated above, and the central death's-head over all, took form and threw their shadows around. But, while we looked, a cloud curtain shrouded the sight; darkness deposed night's day, and the monument was, for the time, no more. The mimic life which had lighted up the bust had vanished. As I glanced at the dark chancel window where effigy of saint and angel could, a moment before, be traced, the lines came to my mind—

" Answer me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight
As a swift breeze hath flown?"
And the stars answered me—" We roll
In light and power on high;
But, of the never dying soul,
Ask that which cannot die."

" O many-toned and chainless wind!
Thou art a wanderer free;
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?"

'And the wind murmur'd in reply—
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."

I felt I had seen enough. I did not turn to the gaudy Clopton effigies lying at full length opposite the vestry door, with coronets on their brows; nor did I try to see the tattered escutcheon which a scion of the house had borne to battle, and which now flutters, in cobweb fashion, over his helmet and visor, hung, at his death, below.†

A stroll round the churchyard among the old trees and tombs was preferable, for there could be seen the varied effects of moonlight. As we sat on one of the stone benches beneath the chancel window, which commands a full view of the Avon, a dreary "whit-too-whoo" sound fell on the ear, sometimes distant, sometimes close. My companion had just time to tell me that it was an owl which had a nest in a decaying elm near by,

† The carvings on the Miserere stalls are remarkable for humour and elaborate cutting. See Wright's History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature, pp. 122 *et seq.*

when the rooks rose *en masse* over our heads, and made a cawing which contrasted strangely with the previous silence. They seemed to have rather fear of than fellowship with the ominous night bird. But it gave a variety to the scene, in keeping with place and time, deepened by the silent flow of the Avon at our feet, which has the most gentle flow of any river I ever looked on. Peace seems to possess it as well as the church and the churchyard. Whether the owl, or the hour, made my guide and I depart I know not, but, by the time I got home, I found my landlady had gone to bed, hot water impossible, and one o'clock certain.

MARK LEMON AND CHARLES DICKENS.

> "The text is done, and now for application,
> And when that's ended, pass your approbation."
>
> *Epilogue to Venice Preserved.*

THE gaps made by death within the last twelve months or so, in the ranks of our celebrated men have been very wide, and—in most cases—it will be difficult to fill up the blanks fittingly. This, it is thought, will be readily admitted in the cases of the men whose names head this paper.

While in England, in 1869, I heard Mark Lemon render *Falstaff*—as drawn in Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth—with a vigour which must have made his hearers personally acquainted, nay,—familiar with one of the grandest of the poet's conceptions. Mr. Lemon's personal appearance, as well as his fine

acting, made the picture clear and tangible. Falstaff was before you in fact so palpable, that the most obtuse could not fail to gather some portion of what the man was meant to represent and suggest, while to the Shakespearian student Falstaff stood out in a flesh and blood sense. Each phase of his mind, whether prominent or minor, was rendered so as to make up a harmonious whole which could not be mistaken, whether the artiste pourtrayed the bully blusterer,—the fib-coiner, half believing his own Munchausen fib,—the sack-seeking swiller,—the flatterer of princes,—the deceiver of men in general, and of Dame Quickly in particular,—in course of which he rendered the "wonted bottle swagger" and the hitching step of the gout to life.

In the third scene in the Boar's Head, where Falstaff meets the Prince and Poins, and where he condemns "all cowards," praises his own manhood, and assumes the indignation tone,—the close student of the thoughts as well as the words of the play, were brought out in a manner so masterly that, when Mr. Lemon came to the words addressed to the Prince—

"A king's son,

. . . . . .

You Prince of Wales,"—

so perfect in giant contempt, that the house came down for some minutes; in truth, the rendering equalled—to my mind, Vandenhoff's "Most sweet voices" in Coriolanus. The "what upon compulsion" passage, the soliloquy about the soldiers whom Falstaff had raised, the famous delineation of "honour" were listened to with the silence they deserved. In this latter soliloquy Mr. Lemon made his audience realize that he felt he knew little of honour, and that mostly by report. He rendered the various sentences in an enquiring mood, as if willing to be convinced of honour's worth if possible. As he proceeded with the analysis, he found that "honour had no skill in surgery;"—that it was but "a word,—air." The contemptuous puff of the mouth, the upturned motion of the open hand, shewed that what he described was a mere bubble, bursting in the birth,—living as short as those many-tinted bells which boys blow from their pipes on washing-day. Finding that honour will not be en-

tailed either to the living or the dead, he resolved to have none of it, in the spirit of a man who was unwilling to better his condition on a chimerical chance, and rather to remain as he was.

Passing over the wheedling scene between Falstaff and Dame Quickly, we came to the meeting of the Prince, now King, and very great in power, and the knight very great—in flesh only. The effort the latter made to recall kindness—if not familiarity—to the heart of his old companion, the attempt to restore the old confidence between them, the affected swagger, modified by doubt, were all pictures—we believe, such as the author wished them painted. Even after the King tells him he "knows him not," the hope does not die of restoration to favour; his tact and confidence still stand him in outward stead, "on instinct" with Mr. Shallow, but the daylight of deeds and the stubbornness of facts dissipate his dream, especially at the point where the Sheriff returns with his officers, and orders Falstaff to be carried to the Fleet. Mr. Lemon gave the incredulous nightmare amazement to the life; the half

drawn sword thrust into its scabbard again, proved that Falstaff was convinced that resisistance would not stand thought, far less trial. His hesitation as the officers pointed him to move on; the pause, full of contending emotions, striving for the mastery with the inevitable, took the audience by the head and heart; and the helpless, hopeless, zig-zag stagger of Falstaff from the stage to his prison made the hall ring with applause as the curtain hid him from view. The charm was at its height, and dissolved to the tune of "God save the Queen," barely heard amidst the talk and the titter of criticism. Alas! that, at a comparatively early age, Lemon should have been taken away in the midst of his vigour.

This last remark may to a great extent be applied to Charles Dickens, who—like his friend—has been taken to the unseen. I heard him read certain of his works in the presence of an audience overflowing, but not enthusiastic in the sense of Lemon's auditors. As a whole, the reading did not come up to my expectations; possibly occasioned by some slight indisposition on the reader's part. That he rendered

the reading well could not be gainsayed, and it must be remembered that Mr. Dickens wanted all musical and 'property accessories.' He did his work alone, and in the dress of a private gentleman. Upon the whole, I rather looked at the big, stout looking man, with the camelia in his button-hole, as the writer of fictions destined to live, than as the reader of them, and departed more satisfied with having seen the great novelist, than with having heard him give a reading from his own works.

Apart from this, however, the loss of Charles Dickens as a writer, falls to be mourned, but his place as such seems to me to be far apart from that of Scott, and even Thackeray. There is no doubt that as he said himself, his works rather than his readings, will be his most enduring monument. Moreover, as to Scott, it should be remembered that until a sufficient time has elapsed for historical facts forming themselves into a long, new, and romantic piece of history, no room is left for any writer,—assuming him to have the brains of the Wizard of the North,—to write as Scott has written. As to Thackeray, he

saw at least as far as Dickens into human nature, with this difference,—that he could'nt resist the shewing up of shams whenever he came across them, and if he detected them with an eagle eye, from which no artificialism or roguery could be hidden, behind it all there was a nature welling within him, alike manly, unsophisticated, and gentle. He could mock at the one moment, but he could weep at the other, and perhaps no modern writer caused more human feeling to permeate thro' his works than William Makepeace Thackeray. Thackeray, Dickens, and Lemon have gone to the land of shadows, but their respective places in the guild of literature must ever be alike high and stable. The author of the "History of Pendennis," and the founder of "Punch," will not, though gone, be soon forgotten. And, perhaps, the day is not far distant when all loving true and pious hearts will, while admiring Dickens's novels, thank him most for the "Life of Our Saviour" which he wrote for his children. None can over-estimate the worth of such a gift, any more than they can overrate the christian love and the yearning after good which suggested its composition.

L'ENVOY.

Ah! *Vanitas Vanitum!*

——— Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

I COULD have wished to have taken down the Reader to Bath, that once famous place, where Beau Nash and many better and worse men once-a-day gathered. The pump room—where stands the statue of the Beau,—has now only historical interest of a minor kind to most people; the parks, and even the pavement of Milsom Street are occupied by persons who think not, for the most part, of anything but their own pleasure, and if we want to bring up interesting people and stories, we must refer rather to the antiquary than the people of to-day. I could have wished to have had a short stroll with the Reader through the beautiful town of Leamington,

and gone from thence to Kenilworth Castle—where Elizabeth and Leicester once held high wassail,—or beheld from the adjacent bridge the stately towers of Warwick Castle, with the river flowing beneath. I could have wished to have escribed Carisbrooke Castle, rendered historically famous as it is by having once been the prison of poor Charles the First, and from which the towers of Osborne stand out in clear, though somewhat distant, view." Perhaps it was here,—that is, in the town of Newport, to which Carisbrooke Castle is adjacent,—that I saw one of the finest modern monuments which, it is believed, England contains: viz., that to the Princess Elizabeth, who, when bursting into womanhood, died of grief in the Castle, in consequence of her father's violent end. The recumbent effigy is one of the chief ornaments of Newport Church, and erected, with a taste and feeling too obvious for comment, by our gracious Queen.

But, possibly, the Reader's patience is already exhausted, and I therefore bid him, as in duty bound, a friendly

FAREWELL.

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